The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 121. Vol. XXI. OCTOBER, 1901. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* October *will be noticed in the* November *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th November *in the* December *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We were amused to see in a contemporary lately an announcement to the effect that General Baden-Powell was staying with friends at Inverness Castle. Unless we are much mistaken, Inverness Castle is the county gaol, so we presume there was some mistake. No arrangements have yet, we understand, been made for the publication of any new book from the General's pen.

The new novel on which Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is at present engaged is said to be the longest and most important piece of work he has yet attempted. It will appear serially in the columns of *To-day*.

The autobiography of the late Sir Walter Besant will probably not now be published until the early spring of the new year.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new novel, "Kim," will be published simultaneously, in separate editions, in England, the Colonies, the United States, Canada, Germany, France, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden; and in the Edition de Luxe issued by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. Later on it will be included in the Outward Bound edition issued by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York.

Some of Mr. Kipling's earlier books are now being translated for the first time into the Malayan language.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AT THE AGE OF FOUR.
From a Drawing by James Archer, made in 1854.
From a Photograph kindly supplied by Dr. H. Bellyse Baildon.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen has just returned from America, where he has been staying with his family for the last seven or eight weeks.

Mr. Julian Ralph has, we hear, returned to New York to join the staff of one of the most important of the New York dailies. Mr. Ralph has recently completed the MS. of a new novel, which will be published here and in America in the spring.

"Living London," which Mr. George R. Sims has edited and Messrs. Cassell and Co. are publishing, owes much to Mr. Ernest Foster, who has for many years edited *Cassell's Saturday Journal* and *Chums*. Mr. Foster is a very able journalist, with a singularly large knowledge of London life. The great prosperity of the *Saturday Journal* is entirely his achievement, and he has made *Chums* a standard paper for boys. This "Living London" is the most considerable work that Messrs. Cassell and Co. have recently attempted. Its interest is entirely human; bricks and mortar are not to be found in it. Many clever writers have been called to the undertaking, Mr. Pett Ridge among the number; and there is no doubt that the human interest of London will be exploited successfully.

Miss Harraden has returned to England, having spent several months in Norway and Denmark. She went straight to Tromsö, where she stayed some time, and where she met the members of the Baldwin Expedition and Mr. Baldwin himself, and had the pleasure of seeing over the *America*, and wishing the good ship God-speed to the North Pole. She afterwards passed down to the Gudbrandsdal, to a Norwegian farm, where she has been working at her new book, which is likely to contain a few Norwegian scenes. She came home *vid* Denmark, and stayed some time in Elsinore. She reports feeling against England strong, both in Norway and Denmark, except amongst the few who have made a study of the situation.

Mr. Dodd, of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. of New York, was one of those who heard the shot fired at President McKinley and saw all that followed.

Mr. S. R. Crockett will spend the winter in Spain.

We record with much regret the death of Miss Edith Jemima Simcox, well known a generation ago as one of the ablest and best equipped literary critics of the time. It is significant of the short term given to a modest literary fame that practically no notice has been taken of Miss Simcox's departure. She was not quite fortunate in any of her books. None of them represents her at her strongest. But when Mr. John Murray started the *Academy* as a monthly journal under the editorship of Dr. Appleton, she was one of

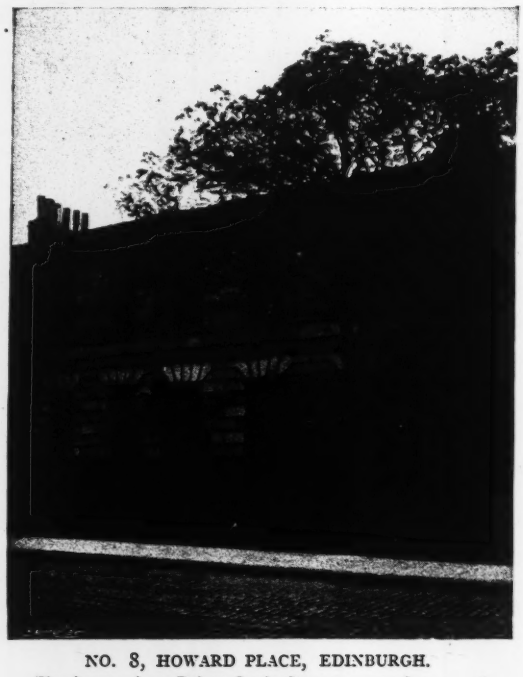
the first and ablest contributors, and that at a time when the *Academy* had the help of such writers as Matthew Arnold and T. H. Huxley. Born in a devout household, she fell early in life under the influence of George Eliot, to whom, indeed, she stood in a relation not merely of a disciple but of an adorer. One of her first remarkable contributions to the *Academy* was a very elaborate review of "Middlemarch," and when George Eliot died she wrote in the *Nineteenth Century* one of the best tributes to her memory, a tribute which might not compare with that of Lord Acton in the same periodical, or the critical analysis which appeared in the *Home and Foreign Review*, but which need not fear comparison with any other estimate of George Eliot's life and work. Miss Simcox wrote at first under the signature "H. Lawrenny," and she was a contributor to the literary department of the *Fortnightly Review* in its best days under John Morley. Her writings, notwithstanding their great ability, had obvious faults. They were obscure and elusive to the last degree, and in spite of her scholarly instincts Miss Simcox, especially in her last large book, made the great mistake of writing on subjects which she could not study at first hand. She suffered during most of her life from the drawback of weak health, and was a patient of Sir Andrew Clark, to whose memory she paid a most interesting anonymous tribute published in THE BOOKMAN. The volume which shows most of her is that entitled "Episodes in the Lives of Men, Women, and Lovers." It is well worth reading, but makes no popular appeal. Miss Simcox, we believe, was at one period much interested in philanthropic work, but the business of her life was study. Notwithstanding her strong agnostic views she was scrupulously fair and just to those on the other side. She died at the age of fifty-seven, after a long illness. Her brothers, Mr. George Augustus Simcox and the late Rev. W .H. Simcox, were among the most distinguished students of their time at Oxford, and their contributions to literature are well known.

REV. LEWIS BALFOUR, THE GRANDFATHER OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

"Now I often wonder," says Stevenson, "what I have inherited from this old minister. I must suppose, indeed, that he was fond of preaching sermons, and so am I, though I never heard it maintained that either of us loved to hear them."—"Robert Louis Stevenson," by L. Cope Cornford.

From a Photograph kindly supplied by Mr. Graham Balfour.

We have also to record the death of the Rev. Alfred Norris, who occupied Congregational pastorates at Walthamstow, Cambridge, Tynemouth, West Kensington, and finally at Brighton. Mr. Norris had a modest fame in certain circles as the author of a volume of Lyrics entitled "Poems of the Inner and Outer Life," published by Messrs. Kegan Paul. Though it did not win its way to a wide popularity, it found admirers both in this country and in America. The admiration was deserved, for Mr. Norris, in spite of many technical faults and limitations, had the elements of a true poet. Some of his best pieces were published in *Chambers' Journal*, when James Payn was editor, and though Payn, judging by the circulation of his magazines was not a good editor, he knew the difference between good poetry and bad poetry. No magazine in this country had poetical contributions of the same quality as *Chambers' Journal* under Payn's editorship had. He had no better poet than Norris. Mr. Norris contemplated issuing an enlarged edition of his book, and it is to be hoped that materials remain for this purpose. He was a very worthy man, and had some fine gifts, but it may be doubted whether he ever found his true sphere in life.



NO. 8, HOWARD PLACE, EDINBURGH.

The house where Robert Louis Stevenson was born on the 13th of November, 1850.

From a Photograph by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

THOMAS STEVENSON, FATHER OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

"He was a man of a somewhat antique strain; with a blended sternness and softness that was wholly Scottish and at first somewhat bewildering; with a profound essential melancholy of disposition and (what often accompanies it) the most humorous geniality in company; shrewd and childish; passionately attached, passionately prejudiced; a man of many extremes, many faults of temper, and no very stable foothold for himself among life's troubles."—"Memories and Portraits."

The Rev. John Wade, who succeeded Patrick Brontë in the incumbency of Haworth, and ministered there for thirty-seven years, has passed away. He incurred great odium on account of the demolition of the church associated with the Brontës, and the erection of a new church on the same site. It was contended, and especially by the *Leeds Mercury*, that the new church should have been built on another site, and the old one left as a Brontë shrine. We believe that the blame, however, was not with Mr. Wade, but with the Bishop of Ripon, to whom probably the Brontës were people of no significance. The agitation deeply wounded Mr. Wade; indeed, he never got over the bitterness of the conflict. This led him to stand aside from the recent movements in commemoration of the Brontës, and when the Brontë museum was opened he did not attend. We happen to know, however, from personal intercourse with him that he had a strong regard for the Brontë family. When he came to Haworth he kept a notebook embodying the fresh traditions of his predecessors in this parsonage, and it is a matter for deep regret that he ultimately committed these notes to the flames, and could not be induced in any way to write on the subject. He had strong views of his own, however, on all the points that are in controversy, though very reticent in expressing them. Mr. Wade was obliged to close his house to the throng of tourists, and had many quaint stories about the persistence of American visitors. To those properly introduced, however, he was most gracious, and though he added some rooms to the parsonage he retained the Brontë rooms much as they were, although improving them greatly in comfort. He had woeful stories to tell of the inclement condition of the parsonage when he came to it, and was of opinion that their comfortless surroundings did much to hasten the death of the Brontë sisters.

It has now been definitely arranged that the dramatic version of Mr. Stanley Weyman's famous novel, "A Gentleman of France," is to be produced in New York this autumn. The play is from the pen of Mr. H. E. Dalby.

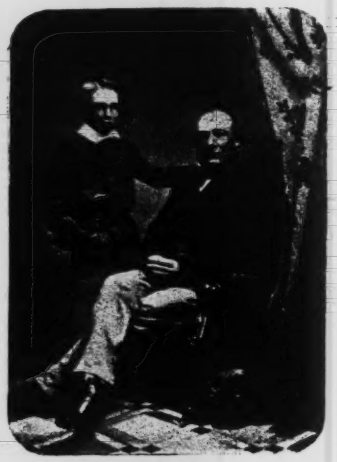
"Under the Red Robe" is to be revived at an early date at the Imperial Theatre. Mr. Herbert Waring will be the Gil de Berault of the new caste.

Mr. S. R. Crockett's new novel, "The Firebrand," now running serially through the pages of *Temple Bar*, will be published in book form by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. in the early part of November.

Mr. William Le Queux, who for some years has resided in Italy, has now decided to live in future in England, and has taken a picturesque old house near Peterborough. Mr. Le Queux is at present busy

MRS. THOMAS STEVENSON, MOTHER OF R. L. S.

"At past sixty, after a life-time of conventional Edinburgh, this lady broke up the house in Heriot Row, removed herself and her belongings to Apia, learned to ride bare-backed and to go bare-footed, and took on the life at Vailima and the life of Tusitala's native friends with equal gusto and intelligence. Stevenson was fond of calling himself a tramp and a gipsy; and that he could do so with justice was owing to the fact that his mother was Margaret Balfour."—"Robert Louis Stevenson," by L. Cope Cornford.



MR. THOMAS STEVENSON AND HIS SON, WHEN LOUIS WAS TEN YEARS OLD.
From a Photograph kindly supplied by Dr. H. Bellyse Baildon.

writing a new novel for publication in one of Messrs. Newnes' periodicals. He has also been engaged to write a new serial story for publication in *Chambers' Journal.*

Sir Harry Johnston, K.C.B., is at present residing in Guernsey.

Mr. Rider Haggard's series of articles, entitled "Back to the Land," is now nearly finished in the *Daily Express*, and they will be published in book form at an early date.

Mrs. Henry Dudeney's new novel, called "Spindle and Plough," is to be published by Mr. Heinemann.

Mr. Hamilton Drummond, whose historical romance, "The King's Pawn," met with some considerable success, is shortly to publish, through Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd., a work entitled "A Lord of the Soil." This deals largely with the old feudal life of France, and gives a fine picture of the peasant and his poverty during the middle ages.

Mr. William Le Queux has chosen an excellent title, "The Unnamed," for his romance, which begins in *Cassell's Magazine* at Christmas. The book deals with Italian secret societies, and is quite in Mr. Le Queux's best manner.

Mr. Levett Yeats writes from the Punjaub that the summer has been a very hard one on the Indian frontier. Nevertheless, Mr. Yeats has found time to write one of his French stories for Christmas, and to make considerable progress with the Italian romance he is completing for next year.

COLINTON MANSE.
The Residence of Stevenson's Maternal Grandfather.
"It was a place at that time like no other; the garden cut into provinces by a great hedge of beech, and overlooked by the church and the terrace of the churchyard, where the tombstones were thick, and after nightfall 'spunkies' might be seen to dance, at least by children; flower-plots lying warm in sunshine; laurels and the great yew making elsewhere a pleasing horror of shade; the smell of water rising from all round, with an added tang of paper-mills; the sound of water everywhere, and the sound of mills—the wheel and the dam singing their alternate strain; the birds from every bush and from every corner of the overhanging woods pealing out their notes till the air throbbed with them; and in the midst of all this the Manse."—"Memories and Portraits."
From a Photograph by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

Travellers in Norway this year found the sixpenny edition of popular novels in many unlooked for places. At Bergen a great trade appeared to be done in these books, to the detriment of the Tauchnitz editions. Throughout Norway generally English-produced books, as against German, seem to be in favour. Many 6s. works direct from English publishers are to be found in the leading shops, both at Christiania and at Bergen.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AT THE AGE OF SIX.
"His hair is cropped to a man-like shortness. His hands have lost their baby podginess, and are nervous, long-fingered. He has a whip in his grasp, which falls slackly down, as if toys were not in his line, and he looks pensively ahead."—"Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days," by E. Blantyre Simpson.

Up to the end of last month 190,000 copies of "The Eternal City" had actually been sold in England and America.

Mrs. A. S. Boyd, the clever wife of the well-known artist, has lately made herself known as an admirable writer of short stories. She has essayed a longer flight, and will contribute the next serial to *Chambers' Journal.* Publication is to commence in January.

The new illustrated history of English literature, by Dr. Garnett and Mr. Gosse, to which we have previously referred, is announced by Mr. Heinemann for publication during the present season. It runs to four volumes. We believe it will be issued in America by Messrs. Appleton. Messrs. Chambers announce that a new edition of their Encyclopædia of English Literature, to which several distinguished writers have contributed, will also appear this winter.

We regret to learn that Mr. Francis Hindes Groome, who has for many years rendered valuable assistance to the publications of Messrs. Chambers, is laid aside by illness.

Mr. Macqueen is to publish this month a first novel of Mr. George Douglas, whose contributions to various magazines have attracted considerable attention. The title is "The House with the Green Shutters," and those who have read the manuscript are confident it will attract wide attention.

We hear that a new penny literary and

political weekly review is to be published in the middle of October. The title is not yet definitely fixed, but it will probably be called "The Week's Survey."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AT THE AGE OF 15.

WHOLESALE REPORTS OF THE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

AUGUST 20TH TO SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1901.

Although depression has not been unduly marked, the prevalent tone of business throughout the whole of the month has been extremely quiet. It is usually, however, a period of marking time and of looking forward in anticipation of the on-coming season.

The demand for fiction has kept up to a good average, although so much cannot be said for the more serious classes of literature, for which there has been little or no demand.

The issue of "The Eternal City," by Hall Caine, followed almost immediately upon the close of our last report, and a large portion of the orders having been booked considerably in advance of publication, it really formed part of last month's trade, but the demand has been well sustained, repeat orders have been frequent, and the book has figured as the most prominent item of the month. The "History of Sir Richard Calmady," by Lucas Malet, and "Herb of Grace," by Rosa N. Carey, have sold the most freely of the recent issues. "Tristram of Blent" still continues to be in constant request.

Scholastic literature has moved somewhat briskly, but so many schools now receive their supplies direct from the publisher that consequently the reopening of the schools does not affect the trade to the extent it formerly did.

One of the best selling books of the month has been "A Yeoman's Letters," by Percy T. Ross. Its success is doubtless attributable to the humorous way in which it depicts the incidents of campaigning.

The millenary celebrations in connection with King Alfred have still continued to create a demand, though a somewhat limited one, for various editions of his life.

A noticeable feature of recent months is the large number of medical publications by American authors which have been placed upon the English market, several of them having become very popular.

The usual harbingers of the autumn season are now to hand, and the immense output of Annual Volumes, Diaries, and Almanacks has commenced. Indeed, several of the popular favourites, such as the "Boy's Own Annual" and "Girl's Own Annual," have already sold largely. Could the public see the enormous piles of the more popular of these annual volumes with which many of the wholesale houses deal, they could not but be surprised.

Large orders continue to be placed for assortments of sixpenny reprints, but a diminution in the sales of this line is noticeable, and it is to be hoped that now the holiday

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

"Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably,
Neat-footed and weak-fingered: in his face—
Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and touched with race,
Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the sea,
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity—
There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,
A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace
Of passion and impudence and energy."—W. E. Henley.

From a Drawing by A. S. Boyd.

Reproduced from Dr. H. B. Baildon's "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," by kind permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

season is ending it will give place to a demand for a more satisfactory class of goods.

Appended is the usual list of the best selling books during the past month :—

The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)

A PORTRAIT OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AT THE AGE OF 20.

Tristram of Blent. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (J. Murray.)
History of Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Methuen.)
Herb of Grace. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Four-Leaved Clover. By Maxwell Gray. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Sister Teresa. By George Moore. 6s. (Unwin.)
Penelope's Irish Experiences. By K. D. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay and Bird.)
Cinderella. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (J. Clarke.)
The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By Henry Harland. 6s. (Lane.)
The Luck of the Vails. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Edna Lyall's Novels. Each 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)
A Yeoman's Letters. By P. T. Ross. 5s. (Simpkin.)
Peace or War in South Africa. By A. M. S. Methuen. 1s. (Methuen.)
Meiklejohn's New Comparative Geography. 4s. 6d. (Holden.)
Meiklejohn's History of England. 4s. 6d. (Holden.)
Other Scholastic Books by the Same Author.
'Twixt Sirdar and Menelik. By M. S. Wellby. 16s. (Harper.)
Being and Doing. By Various Authors. Net 2s. 6d. (E. Howell.)
Gardening for Beginners. By E. T. Cook. Net 10s. 6d. (Newnes.)
Various Lives of King Alfred.
Sixpenny Reprints, and a quantity of Scholastic literature in cheap form for various standards.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Aug. 24—Fairly satisfactory week.
,, 31—Quiet in all departments.
Sept. 7—A slack week.
,, 14—Somewhat better in Export, but still slack in the Home trade.

(2) SCOTLAND.

AUGUST 21ST TO SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1901.

Throughout the whole month, as educational institutions reopened after the vacation, booksellers connected with the sale of school and college books experienced brisk business, which, of course, will continue for some weeks. In this connection may be noted the popularity of the twentieth century edition of Pitman's Shorthand Instructor.

Undoubtedly the greatest interest was centred on Mr. Hall Caine's great work, "The Eternal City." The sales of this book were very large, and resembled the demand for "The Master Christian," which, it will be remembered, was the leading novel of last season.

Considerable sales were made of the following 6s. novels: "Tristram of Blent," by Anthony Hope; "Four-Leaved Clover," by Maxwell Gray; "Sir Richard Calmady," by Lucas Malet; "Herb of Grace," by R. N. Carey; and "Kim," Rudyard Kipling's new work, to be issued immediately.

Mainly owing to the attractions of the Glasgow Exhibition, the tourist season was an exceptionally good one, and, in consequence, books suited to the large travelling public were very prominent everywhere in the business of the month.

Religious books at this season are usually not much in evidence, but Dr. Moule's "Thoughts for Sundays" was readily bought. The publication of Sir Walter Besant's "Story of King Alfred," in Newnes' "Story Series," called attention to a notable historical event; and in the admirable

"Wi' sappy unction, hoo he burkes
The hopes o' men that trust in works,
Expounds the fau'ts o' ither kirks,
An' shaws the best o' them
No muckle better than mere Turks
When a's confessed o' them.

Bethankit! what a bonny creed!
What mair would ony Christian need?"

From the Drawing by A. S. Boyd.

Reproduced from "A Lowden Sabbath Morn," by Robert Louis Stevenson, by kind permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

editions of "The World's Classics," issued by Mr. Grant Richards, everyone interested in such had marvels of cheapness placed within easy reach.

Several shilling volumes, such as "Nothing Series" and "De Omnibus," written by Barry Pain, had great success; and, of course, the sixpenny reprints of "Donal Grant," by George Macdonald, "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," by Miss Fowler, "The Lunatic at Large," by J. S. Clouston, with many others, formed a considerable proportion of the month's business.

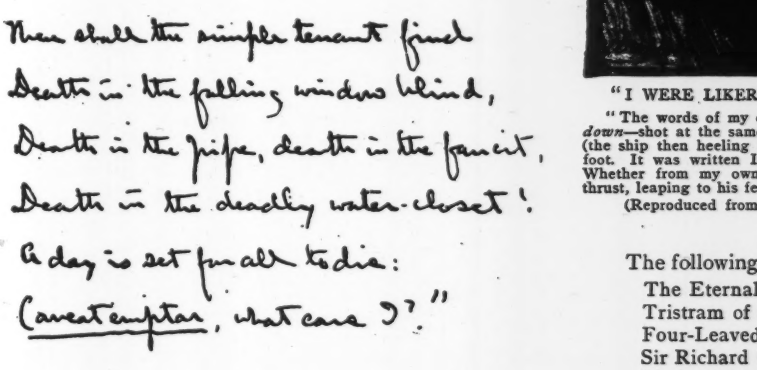
A smart humorous sixpenny book, "A Frenchman in the Land o' Cakes," issued by Messrs. Bryce, of Glasgow, sold well on the railway bookstalls, as did also the same firm's attractive editions of Sir Walter Scott's works, in special bindings, suitable for tourists. Booksellers were reminded of their Christmas trade by the appearance of the tasty little booklets issued by Tuck, Nister, Nelson, and other firms, and also by the orders readily taken for Marie Corelli's "Christmas Greeting," already announced. The magazine sales were far beyond expectation. Most of the popular monthlies met with success, and the *Pall Mall Magazine* and *Pearson's Magazine* passed out of print.

A new rival in illustrated serial works appeared in the publication of "Beautiful Pictures," by Messrs. Dobbs, Kidd and Co.

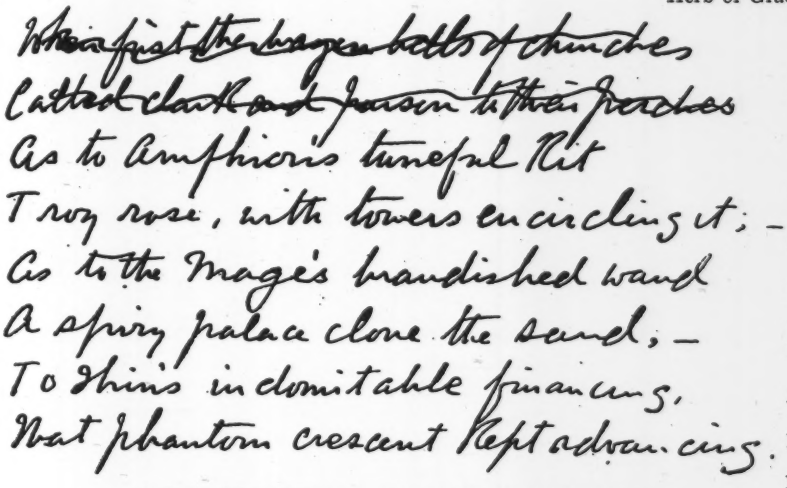
"I WERE LIKER A MAN IF I STRUCK THIS CREATURE DOWN."

"The words of my own prayer—*I were liker a man if I struck this creature down*—shot at the same time into my memory. I called my energies together, and (the ship then heeling downward toward my enemy) thrust at him swiftly with my foot. It was written I should have the guilt of this attempt without the profit. Whether from my own uncertainty or his incredible quickness, he escaped the thrust, leaping to his feet and catching hold at the same moment of a stay."

(Reproduced from "The Master of Ballantrae," by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell and Co.)



Then shall the simpler tenant find
Death in the falling window blind,
Death in the pipe, death in the faucet,
Death in the deadly water-closet!
A day is set for all to die:
Caveat emptor, what care I?"



A PAGE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S MANUSCRIPT.

This page of MS. is remarkable as showing the two distinct handwritings of Robert Louis Stevenson. The upper part of the page has been carefully re-written for the printers, while the lower part, evidently written on the same day, is the style which R. L. S. adopted when writing quickly.

From the original Manuscript of "Moral Fables," kindly lent by Mr. Graham Balfour.

The following is our usual list of best selling books:—

The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Tristram of Blent. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Murray.)
Four-Leaved Clover. By Maxwell Gray. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Methuen.)
Herb of Grace. By R. N. Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Sister Teresa. By George Moore. 6s. (Unwin.)
A Jilt's Journal. By "Rita." 6s. (Unwin.)
Settling Day. By Nat Gould. 2s. (Everett.)
The Man I Loved. By J. S. Winter. 6s. (White.)
The Awakening of Anthony Weir. By S. K. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (R. T. Society.)
Thoughts for Sundays. By Dr. Moule. 3s. 6d. (R. T. Society.)
Pitman's Shorthand Instructor. 3s. 6d. (Pitman.)
A Nest of Linnets. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
De Omnibus. By Barry Pain. 1s. (Unwin.)
Nothing Series. By Barry Pain. 1s. (*Black and White* Office.)
A Frenchman in the Land o' Cakes. 6d. net. (Bryce.)
Love Idylls. By S. R. Crockett. 5s. net. (Murray.)
Donal Grant. By George Macdonald. 6d. (Newnes.)
Skipper of Barncraig. By Gabriel Setoun. 6s. (Constable.)
More Gal's Gossip. By A. M. Binstead. 3s. 6d. (Sands.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

OCTOBER.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

WE propose to devote some space each month to a Diary of Forthcoming Important Publications, giving, as far as possible, the approximate dates upon which the books will be issued. The following list gives particulars of some notable books which may be expected between October 5th and November 5th.

October 5th.

History of the Royal Navy. Vol. VI. 25/- net ... *Sampson Low*
TURNER, REGINALD.—Cynthia's Damages, 6/- ..... *Greening*
DAVIES, PRINCIPAL D. C., M.A.—The Atonement and Intercession of Christ, 4/- ..... *T. & T. Clark*
GRIERSON, F.—Celtic Temperament, 3/6 net ..... *Allen*

October 7th.

DILKE, LADY.—French Decoration and Furniture in the Eighteenth Century, 28/- net ..... *Bell*
BROOKE-HUNT, VIOLET.—Lord Roberts. A Life for Boys. 6/- ..... *Nisbet*
HEADLAM, CECIL.—The Marriage of Mr. Molyneux, 6/- *Hurst & Blackett*
Foundation Truths of the Gospel, 3/6 ..... *Morgan & Scott*
WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS.—A Cathedral Courtship. New Edition. 2/6 and 3/6 ..... *Gay & Bird*
DICKSON, WILLIAM KIRK.—Life of Major-General Sir Robert Murdoch Smith, K.C.M.G., 15/- net ..... *Blackwood*
WATTS-DUNTON, THEODORE.—Aylwin. New Edition. 3/6 *Hurst & Blackett*
MEYER, REV. F. B.—The Soul's Ascent, 3/6 *Horace Marshall*
HORTON, DR. R. F.—The Trinity, 3/6 ..... *Horace Marshall*
SPEIGHT, T. W.—A Late Repentance, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*
Pen Pictures from Ruskin. 1st Series. 2/- ..... *Allen*

October 8th.

PARKER, E.—Sinner and Problem, 6/- ..... *Macmillan*
SCUDDER, MRS. WILLIAM W.—Nineteen Centuries of Missions, 3/6 ..... *Oliphant*
DOUGLAS GEORGE.—The House with the Green Shutters, 6/- ..... *Macqueen*
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WHOLE DUTY OF CHILDREN
A CHILD should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table:
At least as far as he is able

Reproduced from "A Child's Garden of Verses." by Robert Louis Stevenson, illustrated by Charles Robinson. By kind permission of Mr. John Lane.

"MY SHIP AND I."

"Oh, it's then you'll see me sailing through the rushes and the reeds,
And you'll hear the water singing at the prow;
For beside the dolly sailor, I'm to voyage and explore,
To land upon the island where no dolly was before,
And to fire the penny cannon in the bow."

Reproduced from "Song Flowers from 'A Child's Garden of Verses,'" by Robert Louis Stevenson. By kind permission of Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton and Co.

October 17th.

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Only books of which the date of publication can be given are included in the Booksellers' Diary.

Several important works to be issued during the month are unavoidably omitted from the above list owing to the exact date of publication not having been fixed.

The Reader.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MEMORIAL TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From a Photograph kindly supplied by Mr. Graham Balfour.

WHILE we are all waiting with interest and expectation for Mr. Graham Balfour's life of Robert Louis Stevenson, it may be worth while to consider where Stevenson stands now. As the years pass they disengage the virtue of a writer, and decide whether or not he has force enough to live. Will Stevenson live? Undoubtedly. He is far more secure of immortality than many very popular writers. The sale of his books may not be great, and he may even disappear from the marts of literature now and then, but he will always be revived, and it may turn out that his reputation may wear as well as that of Charles Lamb. For he engages his readers by the double gift of personality and style.

The personality of Stevenson is strangely arresting. In the first place it was a double personality. In his journey to the Cevennes he reflects that every one of us travels about with a donkey. In his "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the donkey becomes a devil. Every Jekyll is haunted by his Hyde. Somebody said that "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" showed Stevenson as Poe, with the addition of a moral sense. Critics may differ as to the exact literary value of the famous little book, but as an expression of Stevenson's deepest thought about life it will retain its interest. He was not content to dwell in a world where the lines are drawn clear, where the sheep are separated from the goats. He would have a foot in both worlds, content to dwell neither wholly with the sheep nor wholly with the goats. No doubt his ruling interest was in ethical problems, and he could be stern in his moral judgments, as, for example, in his discussion of the character of Burns. He was by nature and training religious, "something of the Shorter Catechist." His earliest publication was a defence of the Covenanters, and in his last days he established close friendships with the Samoan missionaries. Yet he was by no means "orthodox," either in ethics or in religion. Much as he wrote on conduct, there were certain subjects, and these the most difficult, on which he never spoke out. On love, for example, and all that goes with it, it is quite certain that he never spoke his full mind—to the public at least.

Another very striking quality in his personality was his fortitude. He was simply the bravest of men. Now and then, as in his letter to George Meredith, he lets us see under what disabling conditions he fought his battle. Human beings in a world like this are naturally drawn to one who suffers, and will not let himself be mastered or corrupted by suffering. They do not care for the prosperous, dominant, athletic, rich and long-lived man. They may conjecture, indeed, that behind all the bravery there is much hidden pain, but if it is not revealed to them they cannot be sure. They love Charles Lamb for the manner in which he went through his trial, and they love him none the less because he was sometimes overborne, because on occasions he stumbled and fell. Charlotte Brontë was an example of fortitude as

A PHOTOGRAPH OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON IN FANCY DRESS.

From the days of his toy theatre onwards, Stevenson was intensely interested in matters theatrical, and he took part in numerous amateur performances, and to one of his romantic fancy it was doubtless a pleasure to figure in this old-world costume.

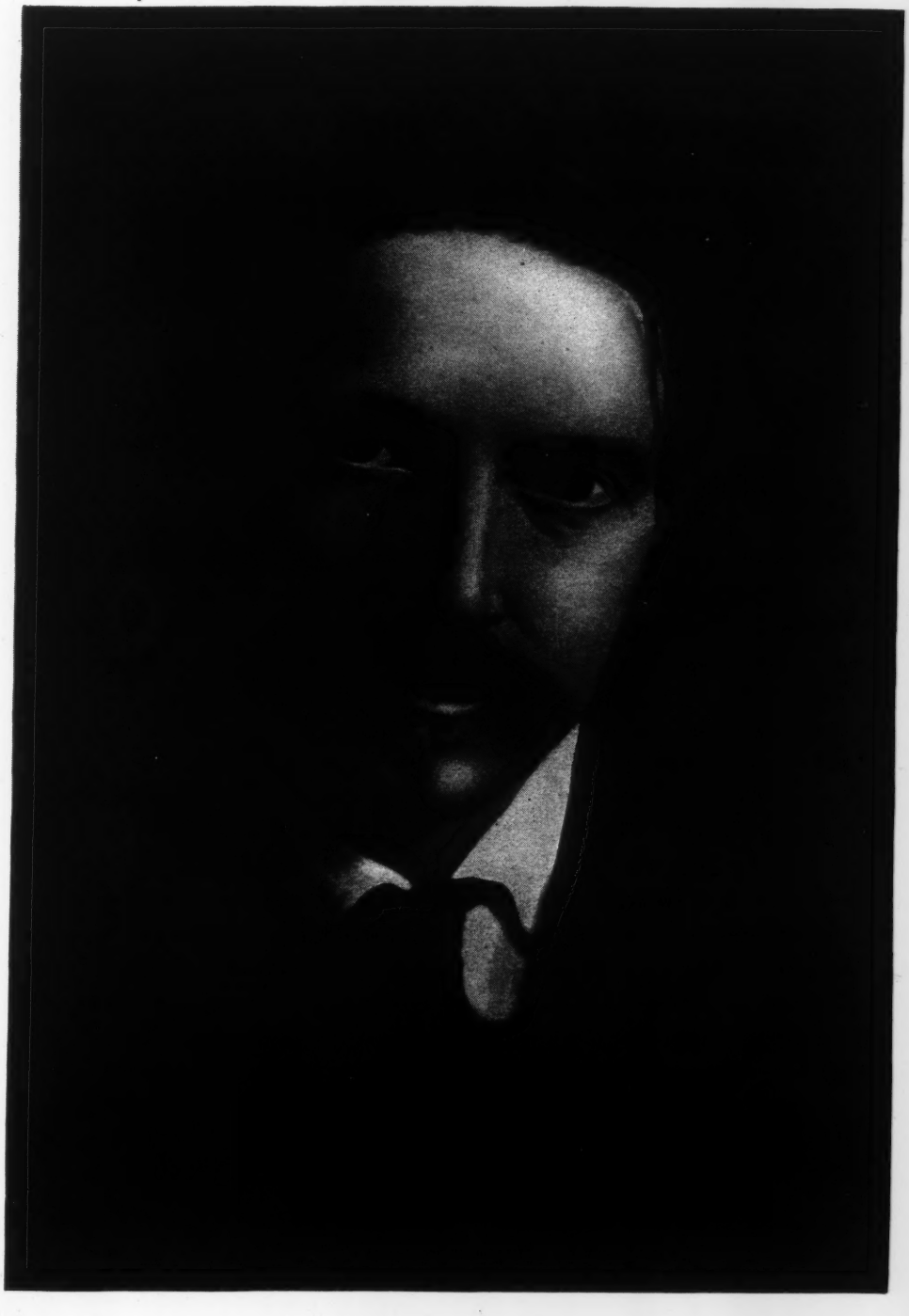
From a Photograph kindly supplied by Dr. H. Bellyse Baildon.

R. L. S. IN THE BART.'S HAT, 1876.

"The Bart." is Sir Walter G. Simpson, the "Cigarette" of the "Inland Voyage," and for many years a close companion of Robert Louis Stevenson.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AT THE AGE OF 25.

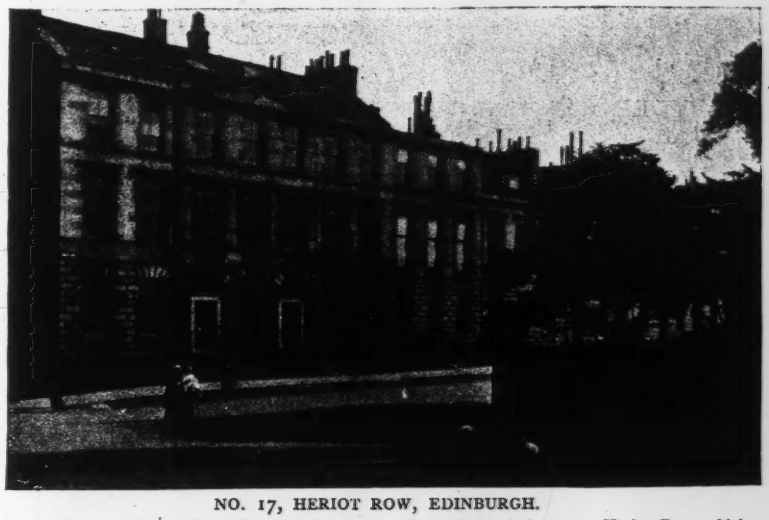
"He is there be-wigged as Robert Louis Stevenson, advocate, and there is the suspicion of a playful duplicity in the would-be wisdom-framed face."—"Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days," by E. Blantyre Simpson.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

...ch engraved by The Exemplar Engraving Coy., 268 Brixton Hill, S.W.
...nted by The Cranford Press, Chiswick, W.

remarkable as Stevenson, but she was not brave after the same manner. She allowed the clouds to thicken over her life and make it grey. Stevenson sometimes found himself in the dust, but he recovered and rose up to speak fresh words of cheer. He took thankfully and eagerly whatever life had to offer him in the way of affection, of kindness, of admiration. Nor did he ever in any trouble lose his belief that the Heart of things was kind. In the face of all obstacle he went steadily on with his work, nor did he ever allow himself to fall below the best that he could do. An example so touching, so rare, so admirable, is a reinforcement which weary humanity cannot spare.



NO. 17, HERIOT ROW, EDINBURGH.

In May, 1857, Robert Louis Stevenson's parents took up their abode at 17, Heriot Row, which remained the family headquarters until the death of Thomas Stevenson, in 1887.

From a Photograph by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

With these qualities, and, indeed, as their natural result, Stevenson had a rare courtesy. He was, in the words of the old Hebrew song, "lovely and pleasant," or rather, as Robertson Smith translated it, "lovely and winsome," in all his bearings to men of all kinds, so long as they did not fall under the condemnation of his moral judgment. With a personality so rich, Stevenson had the power of communicating himself. He could reveal his personality without egotism, without offence. Many writers of charming individuality cannot show themselves in their books. There is as little of themselves in their novels as there would be in a treatise on mathematics, if they could write it. Perhaps less. There have been mathematicians like Augustus de Morgan, who could put humour and personality into a book on geometry.

But Stevenson had not only a personality, he had a style. His golden gift of words can never be denied. He may sometimes have been too "precious," but the power of writing as he could write is so uncommon that he must always stand with a very few. We believe that Stevenson's style is largely an expression of his courtesy. He wished as a matter of mere politeness and goodwill to express himself as well as he could. In fact, it was this courtesy that led him to his famous paradox about the end of art, his characterisation of the artist as the Son of Joy. "The French have a romantic evasion for one employment, and call its practitioners the Daughters of Joy. The artist is of the same family; he is of the Sons of Joy, chooses his trade to please himself, gains his livelihood by pleasing others, and has parted with something of the sterner dignity of man." The theory that all art is decoration cannot be seriously considered. It was certainly not true of Stevenson's art. He wished to please, but he had other and higher ends. He had to satisfy his exacting conscience, and he obeyed its demands sincerely and righteously, and to the utmost of his power. But he was too good a man to be satisfied even with that. Milton put into all his work the most passionate labour, but he did not believe that pleasure was the end of art. Nor would he have been satisfied by complying with his conscience. He had a message to deliver, and he delivered it in the most effective forms at his command. Stevenson had his message, too, and uttered it right memorably. If the message had to be put in a few words, they would be these: *Good my soul, be brave!* He was bold enough to call Tennyson a Son of Joy, but he would have assented with all his soul to Tennyson's lines:

"And here the singer for his art
Not all in vain may plead;
The song that nerves the nation's heart
Is in itself a deed."

SWANSTON COTTAGE.

The country residence of Robert Louis Stevenson's parents and the scene of some of the happiest days of his childhood. The garden and the gardener, Robert the stern and ancient genius of the place, have been immortalised by Stevenson both in prose and verse:

"The gardener does not love to talk;
He makes me keep the gravel walk;
And when he puts his tools away,
He locks the door and takes the key.

Away behind the currant row,
Where no one else but cook may go,
Far in the plots I see him dig,
Old and serious, brown and big."

From a Photograph by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

SCOTLAND'S LAMENT.*

By J. M. Barrie.

HER hands about her brows are pressed,
She goes upon her knees to pray,
Her head is bowed upon her breast,
And oh, she's sairly failed the day.

Her breast is old, it will not rise,
Her tearless sobs in anguish choke,
God put His finger on her eyes,
And then it was her tears that spoke.

"I've ha'en o' brawer sons a flow,
My Walter mair renown could win,
And he that followed at the plough,
But Louis was my Benjamin.

"Ye sons wha do your little best,
Ye writing Scots, put by the pen,
He's deid, the ane abune the rest,
I winna look at write again.

"It's sune the leave their childhood drap,
I've ill to ken them, gaen sae grey,
But aye he climbed intil my lap,
Or pu'd my coats to mak me play.

THE TOMB OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON IN SAMOA.

On the stone are carved the Scotch thistle and the Native ante, and between them the following:

"Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me die;
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me,—
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

1850, Robert Louis Stevenson, 1894.

Reproduced from "Islands of the Southern Seas," by M. M. Shoemaker, by kind permission of Messrs. Putnam.

"He egged me on wi' mirth and prank,
We hangit gowans on a string,
We made the doakens walk the plank,
We mairit snails without the ring.

"'I'm auld,' I pant, 'sic ploys to mak,
To games your mither shouldna stoup.'
'You're gey an' auld,' he cries me back,
'That's fou I like to gar you loup!"

"O' thae bit ploys he made sic books,
A' mithers cam to watch us playing;
I feignèd no to heed their looks,
But fine I kent what they was saying!

"At times I lent him for a game
To north and south and east and west,
But no for lang, he sune cam hame,
For here it was he played the best.

"And when he had to cross the sea,
He wouldna lat his een grow dim,
He bravely dree'd his weird for me,
I tried to do the same for him.

"Ahint his face his pain was sair,
Ahint hers grat his waefu' mither,
We kent that we should meet nae mair,
The ane saw easy thro' the ither.

"For lang I've watched wi' trem'ling lip,
But Louis ne'er sin syne I've seen,
The greedy island keept its grip,
The cauldriff oceans rolled atween.

"He's deid, the ane abune the rest,
Oh, wae, the mither left alane!
He's deid, the ane I loo'ed the best,
Oh, mayna I hae back my nain!"

Her breast is old, it will not rise,
Her tearless sobs in anguish choke,
God put His finger on her eyes,
It was her tears alone that spoke.

Now out the lights went stime by stime,
The towns crept closer round the kirk,
Now all the firths were smored in rime,
Lost winds went wailing thro' the mirk.

A star that shot across the night
Struck fire on Pala's mourning head,
And left for aye a steadfast light,
By which the mother guards her dead.

"The lad was mine!" Erect she stands,
No more by vain regrets oppress't,
Once more her eyes are clear; her hands
Are proudly crossed upon her breast.

J. M. Barrie.

* All rights reserved. First published in The Bookman, January, 1895.

THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON IS AT THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN VAEA.

"His devoted Samoans cut an almost perpendicular pathway to the top of the mountain Vaea, which he had designed as his last resting-place. Thither with almost herculean labours they bore him, and decked his grave with costly presents, of the most valuable and highly-prized mats. There he lies, by a strange, almost ironic fate, under other stars than ours. Driven forth, not, thank God, by neglect nor by any injustice of man, but by the scourge of sickness and threat of death and the unfriendliness of his native skies, into his beautiful exile amid tropic seas, he draws, and long will draw, perhaps while the language lasts, with a strange tenderness, the hearts of men to that far and lonely Samoan mount."—"Robert Louis Stevenson," by H. B. Baildon.

HOME FROM THE HILL.*

BY W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

"Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

—R. L. S.

LET the weary body lie
Where he chose its grave,
'Neath the wide and starry sky,
By the Southern wave;
While the island holds her trust
And the hill keeps faith,
Through the watches that divide
The long night of death.

But the spirit, free from thrall,
Now goes forth of these
To its birthright, and inherits
Other lands and seas:
We shall find him when we seek him
In an older home,—
By the hills and streams of childhood
'Tis his weird to roam.

In the fields and woods we hear him
Laugh and sing and sigh;
Or where by the Northern breakers
Sea-birds troop and cry;
Or where over lonely moorlands
Winter winds fly fleet;
Or by sunny graves he hearkens
Voices low and sweet.

We have lost him, we have found him:
Mother, he was fain
Nimbly to retrace his footsteps;
Take his life again
To the breast that first had warmed it,
To the tried and true,—
He has come, our well belovèd,
Scotland, back to you!

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

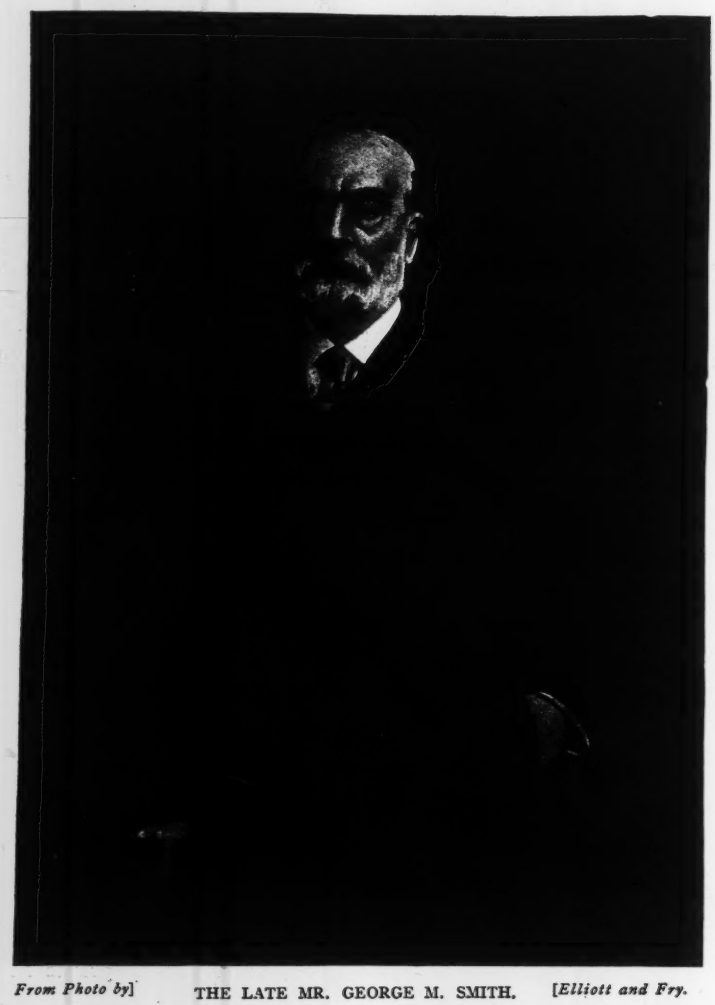
* First published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, February, 1895. Reprinted by kind permission of Messrs. Blackwood.

THE LONDON PUBLISHING HOUSES.

IV.—MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER AND CO.

THOUGH it cannot boast the antiquity of one firm, or the unbroken succession of others, no publishing house has left a more permanent mark on the literary history of the 19th century than Smith, Elder and Co.

Aiming at quality rather than quantity, contenting themselves with a comparatively small output, but exercising the most scrupulous care as to the merits of the work on which they confer their imprimatur, the firm has at the same time been identified with some of the most remarkable literary undertakings of the time, and the Dictionary of National Biography is sufficient of itself to confer immortality on the house in Waterloo Place.



From Photo by] THE LATE MR. GEORGE M. SMITH. *[Elliott and Fry.*

In the first decade of the last century, and in his own early youth, the first Mr. George Smith, founder of the firm, came up to London from north of the Tweed and there utilised an early business training in the employment of the houses of Rivington and John Murray successively. In 1816 he entered into partnership with a brother Scot, Alexander Elder, as booksellers and stationers, at 158, Fenchurch Street. In 1819 they set up together as publishers, and in 1824 they removed to 65, Cornhill.

In this last year the firm became Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. by the inclusion of a third partner, who was the means of introducing an Indian agency, which for the time being and for many subsequent years overshadowed the publishing business. They did a respectable trade in introducing to the world a variety of books, both ephemeral and permanent, including many records of the scientific work of Sir Humphry Davy, Sir John Herschel, Sir Edward Belcher, and, greatest of all, Charles Darwin. On the lighter side there still survives from those early days Macaulay's "Armada," which appeared in the pages of "Friendship's Offering" for 1833.

During these years Mr. Elder was mainly responsible for the literary department of the house, but in 1838 Mr. Smith's son, George Smith the second, entered the business at the early age of fourteen, and five years later, in 1843, he induced the firm to allow him to assume, though with very limited financial control, the practical management of the publishing. The first book for which he was responsible was "Orion" Horne's "New Spirit of the Age"; in his first year as a publisher he brought out Leigh Hunt's "Imagination and Fancy," and thereafter all Leigh Hunt's works were in his hands. In the same year the publication by the firm of the first volume of Ruskin's "Modern Painters" revealed a new writer of genius to the world.

In 1846 occurred a crisis; the illness and death of Mr. George Smith the elder was followed by the withdrawal of the other members of the firm. For some years to come his son was too much absorbed in extricating the general affairs of the house from impending disaster to devote his full energies to the publishing business, which nevertheless, throve and prospered, as did journals which he initiated, the *Overland Mail* and the *Homeward Mail*. He has himself told in a recent number of the *Cornhill Magazine* the story of those early days, and it was in the midst of distractions which would have overwhelmed a weaker man that he laid the foundations of lasting friendship with many, if not all, of the men and women of letters whose books he published.

During these years Mr. Smith owed much to the discriminating taste and almost unerring literary judgment of William Smith Williams, his "reader" and adviser, who took a large share in the direction of the publishing department. It was Williams who first detected in "The Professor" the marvellous powers of "Currer Bell," and it was due to

his encouragement that the MS. of "Jane Eyre" found its way into 65, Cornhill. Mr. Smith, however, was fully as enthusiastic over the discovery as his adviser, and the relations between Charlotte Brontë and her publisher form one of the brightest episodes in her tragic and brilliant story. Her first visit to London, and the appearance of "Currer Bell" in the flesh before the astonished eyes of Mr. Smith, who had no inkling of the identity, though he had a suspicion amounting almost to conviction of the sex of his correspondent, are a chapter in the romance of publishing. Often, too, have Mr. Williams' successors, while plodding through reams of hopeless MSS., been cheered by that memorable "find," and encouraged by the hope that a new "Jane Eyre" or "Shirley" "may swim into their ken."

Charlotte Brontë was not only the means of eventually establishing business relations between her new-found friend and her allies, Mrs. Gaskell and Harriet Martineau, but the introduction to Thackeray which Mr. Smith effected for her was the beginning of a friendship between himself and the great satirist which was only severed by death. "The Kickleburys on the Rhine," "Esmond," "The Rose and the Ring," were the earliest of Thackeray's works which were published by Smith, Elder and Co., but after the writer's death they acquired all the outstanding copyrights, and have issued a long series of editions of his collected works, culminating in the biographical edition by his daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, whose own works have all been published by the firm.

Always alert for the discovery of unrevealed talent, they published the first volume of Rossetti's Poems, and though they missed "The Woman in White," Wilkie Collins became attached to the firm. To these days, too, belong "The Chronicles of Dustypore," by Mr. (now Sir) Henry Cunningham, a favourite, if old-fashioned, Anglo-Indian romance, Sir William Muir's "Histories of the Caliphate and the Mamelukes," and that pleasant strain of fiction which for so many years flowed from the pen of "Holme Lee."

The foundation of the *Cornhill Magazine* in 1860 attracted a fresh set of writers, and from that date Anthony Trollope was largely associated with Mr. Smith, while George Meredith contributed "Harry Richmond," and George Eliot wrote "Romola" for the pages of the magazine, which was illustrated by Leighton and Millais, Frederick Walker and George du Maurier.

In 1867 the firm was entrusted by her Majesty with the publication of "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," and at a later date Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" bore their imprint.

The institution of the *Cornhill Magazine* marked a distinct advance in the fortunes of the firm, as well as an epoch in the development of periodical literature. It brought a host of rising writers and artists into close association with one another, and with the proprietor of the magazine. The editorial chair has had a succession of occupants, Thackeray, Greenwood, Dutton Cook, Leslie Stephen, James Payn, St. Loe Strachey, to speak only of the past, but throughout, in the main, Mr. Smith himself was its governing spirit, as he was in all the manifold undertakings of the firm. In fact it may be said that for sixty years past the success of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. has been the achievement of one man.

Matthew Arnold and the Brownings are names that are linked inseparably with this period of the firm's history. Nearly all the prose writings of the former were published by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., many of them having appeared previously in the *Cornhill*. "The Ring and the Book" was published in four parts in 1868-9, and from that time onwards Mr. Smith became the poet's only publisher,

65, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

taking over also from Messrs. Chapman and Hall the publication of Mrs. Browning's poetical works. Both "The Great God Pan" and "Hervé Riel" came out in the *Cornhill*, and the publication in 1899 of the Letters of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning may be regarded as the complement of the various editions of their poetry which have issued from Waterloo Place.

Mr. Smith had entered into partnership with Mr. H. S.

From Photo by] MR. REGINALD JOHN SMITH, K.C. [*Bassano.*

King as far back as 1853, but in 1868 he finally relinquished the foreign agency and banking work in favour of Messrs. H. S. King and Co., devoting himself to the publishing business. In 1869 he migrated to the present house in Waterloo Place. There the associations are too modern for tradition, but interesting reminiscences are connected with the rooms. On the second storey Matthew Arnold used not infrequently to sleep when he dined in London. In the first floor room Mr. Smith directed single-handed for many years the policy of the firm, and until just before his last illness sate at the "Oval Table" of the *Cornhill Magazine*. In the office behind there is still the faded carpet which in the first flush of its magnificence Mr. Smith showed with pride to Ruskin, and was told for his pains that it was just like pickled cabbage. And upstairs also is the room long occupied (1875-1898) by James Payn, who succeeded Smith Williams as literary adviser to the firm, and remained in that part until his death. Here he smoked innumerable pipes and wrote innumerable novels. Here he accepted "Vice Versa," and refused "John Inglesant." Under his editorship the *Cornhill Magazine* was largely devoted to fiction, and he was the means of introducing to the firm and the public a goodly company of the best of our young blood. Grant Allen, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Seton Merriman, Mr. Stanley Weyman, Mr. Crockett, all made their *début* in the *Cornhill Magazine* under his auspices. The discovery of Dr. Fitchett, the author of "Deeds that Won the Empire," and Mr. F. T. Bullen, who has recorded the "Cruise of the Cachalot," are due to the discernment of his successors. But it was in the hands of Mr. Leslie Stephen that the *Cornhill Magazine* perhaps reached its highest literary excellence, and it was through him that many of an earlier generation gained their first foothold on the ladder. It was he who welcomed Robert Louis Stevenson, and John Addington Symonds, most of whose more important writings, notably "The History of the Renaissance," were published by the firm. Mr. Stephen's own critical studies have been collected in "Hours in a Library," and Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. have also been responsible for his "History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century," his life of his brother Sir James, and many other of his critical and biographical studies. Richard Jefferies, too, whose early death is one of the tragedies of modern

Wednesday.

My dear Smith.

I am getting on so as to satisfy even MOI. I
I need a great many to pack up some more MS. I say
What will she say to this?

How would the lectures do with one end of Illustrations T.D
I was drawing these, and that made me think to you.

Yours
W.M.T.

LETTER FROM THACKERAY.

Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

I. The Ring and the Book.

Do you see this Ring?
'Tis Rome-work, made to match
(By Castellani's imitative craft)
Etruscan circlets found, some happy morn,
After a dripping April, found alive
Spark-like 'mid mouldered skeleton-side fights-work
That roof old tombs at Chiusi: soft, you see,
Yet crisp as jewel-cutting. Here's one trick,
(Craftsmen instruct me) one approved device
Used but by one, file mark shows of pure gold
As this was,—mark mere oozings from the mine,
Virgin as coal having pendent dark
At bishop-edge when ripened combs surplice,—
To bear the file's bite and the hammer's tap;
Since, hammer needs must widen out the round,
And file emboss it fine with lily flowers,
Ere the stuff grow a ring-thing right to wear.
Had gold it, the artificer melts up wax
With honey, so to speak; he mingles gold
With gold's alloy, and, duly conforming both,
Effects a manageable mass, then works.
But his work ended, calls the thing a ring,
Oh, there's opposition! Just a spirit
Of the proper fiery acid o'er its face,
And forth the alloy unfastened flies in fume;
While, self-sufficient now, the shape remains,
The rondure brave, the liberal loveliness,

THE MANUSCRIPT OF "THE RING AND THE BOOK."

Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

letters, was enabled to publish "The Gamekeeper at Home" and its successors through Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

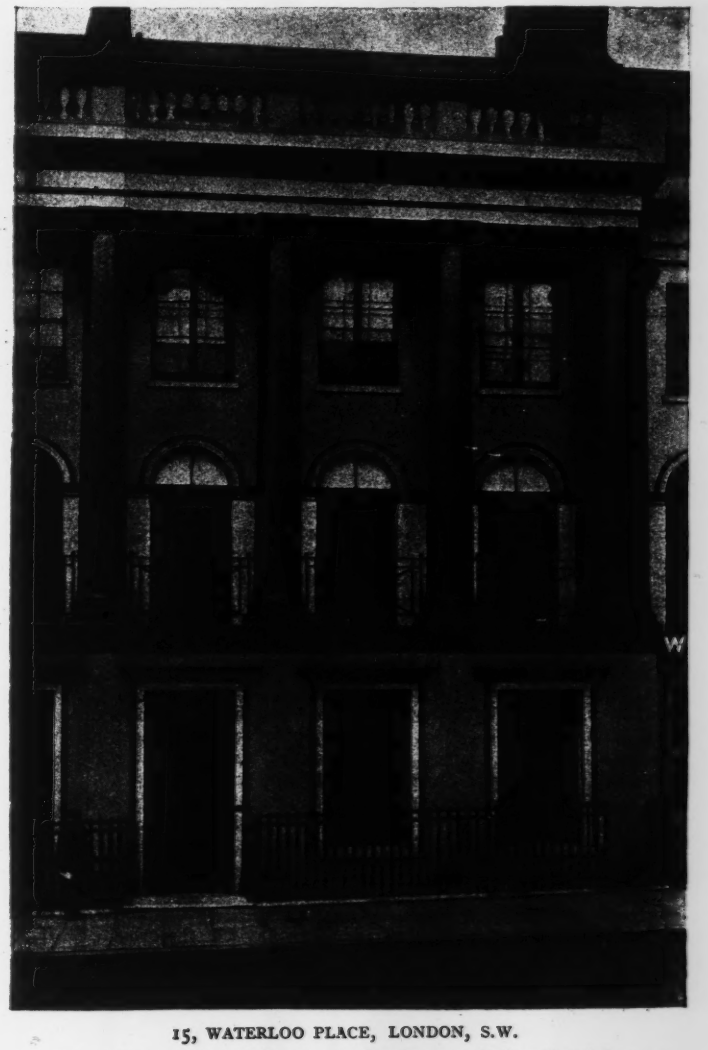
No attempt is made here to enumerate the writers, whether in the ranks of fiction, of poetry, or in the graver departments of literature, who have at one time or another passed within the doors of 65, Cornhill or 15, Waterloo Place. But the chronicle would be incomplete indeed without mention of Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose "Robert Elsmere" was accepted by Mr. Smith in 1886, and whose "Eleanor" was the brilliant success of 1900. Mr. Sidney Lee's Life of Shakespeare has sprung at once into the position of a classic. The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell, by Mr. Barry O'Brien, was one of the most remarkable of recent political biographies, and the posthumous "Reflections and Reminiscences of Prince Bismarck" forms an invaluable quarry for the historian. In a lighter field the "Collections and Recollections of one who has Kept a Diary" are an inexhaustible répertoire of anecdote, and Mrs. Earle's "Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden" has given rise to a whole school of imitators.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has changed hands so often of late years, that it is difficult to realise that it was founded by Mr. Smith in 1865, and became under his direction, and the editorship of Frederick Greenwood, the pioneer of modern evening journalism. Its owner parted with it in 1880, but he was ever faithful to his early love, the *Cornhill*, which of late years has renewed its youth, and which published its 500th number last July.

We have left ourselves no space to speak of the "Dictionary of National Biography," the crowning accomplishment of Mr. Smith's life. Begun in 1884, the 63rd and concluding volume was published in July, 1900. Produced under the editorship first of Mr. Leslie Stephen, and then of Mr. Sidney Lee, the work constitutes, in the words of Mr. John Morley, a monument of public spirit and munificence. The entertainment in June, 1900, at the Mansion House, to which the Lord Mayor invited the proprietor and editors to meet a brilliant gathering representative of English letters, was a public recognition of "an act of good citizenship of no ordinary quality or magnitude." The supplementary volumes, two of which have just been published, contain an admirable monograph on Mr. George Smith from the pen of Mr. Sidney Lee.

His death on the 6th April, 1901, came as a surprise to the world, though he had long been a sufferer from a painful complaint. His relations with his clients from the early days of his friendship with Leigh Hunt were of an ideal character. Charlotte Brontë has drawn him as "Dr. John" in "Villette." Browning trusted him more than anyone in the world. When Millais was speechless he wrote, "I should like to see George Smith, the kindest man and the best gentleman I have had to deal with." Among the most cherished of his possessions were the autograph manuscripts (now in the keeping of Mrs. Smith) of the Brontë novels. Equally priceless are the MSS. of "The Ring and the Book," presented to Mrs. Smith by Robert Browning, and of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," given to her by his son.

After his separation from Mr. King in 1868, up to 1881, Mr. Smith was alone in his management of the publishing business; then he was joined by his elder son for a time, and subsequently his second son was associated with him. In 1894 his son-in-law, Mr. Reginald J. Smith, K.C., entered the firm, and upon him during the latter years of his father-in-law's life devolved the lion's share of the cares of office. He is at the present time the sole acting partner, and in his hands there is no reason to doubt that the honourable traditions of the firm, whether for enterprise or for liberality, will be maintained. Mr. George Smith was a rare judge of men, and in the choice of a successor he was no less fortunate than in the other decisions of a singularly prosperous career. In this connection we may quote from an address which Mr. Reginald Smith gave on "The Work of a Publisher" in 1899: "If you ask me to state in two words the ideal pleasure of a publisher, I will endeavour to do so. It is, in my humble thinking, to win and to deserve confidence alike at the hands of authors and the public."



15, WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON, S.W.
From a Photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by Russell and Sons.*

MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson took place in San Francisco in the spring of 1880.

From a Photograph by Mendelssohn, kindly supplied by Mr. Graham Balfour.

NEW BOOKS.

THE NEW KIPLING.*

The day of Small Things and Small Boys, which dawned in English fiction before the middle of the last century, survives its close. Has it been remarked what a literary novelty the Small Boy Hero was? At least, I can recall no earlier specimens. In the classics children are childish; in mediæval romance Valour and Beauty are always officially grown-up and Wisdom grey-bearded, though as a fact our nobles were family men, warriors and statesmen at an age when their descendants now leave school. Come later down—to Shakespeare. He is right, artistically and historically, in making his princelings speak and act with a dignity, assurance, and sense of responsibility which would be an anachronism in our democratic days; and if his pages, Falstaff's boy, for instance, are precociously sharp, their fellows have flourished in every age. But, otherwise, all Shakespeare's children are children—none are heroes, none are little men and women. Still later—Gulliver is a grown man. So is Crusoe; and little Xury, who seems to promise great things, turns out a timid creature and soon disappears. So in all the great old novelists; the boys and girls, good and bad, are nature and not marvel. They have learnt their place, and are never allowed to strut alone upon the stage.

I leave to some literary omniscient, say Mr. Lang, the task of tracing the genesis of the Small Boy Hero. Perhaps the earliest type was the juvenile prodigy of manly genius, talent, wisdom, and accomplishment, whereof the best example is Contarini Fleming, forgotten in England, but surviving in German criticism owing to his affinity to Wilhelm Meister. Fleming was often imitated. By Mr. Meredith he was improved upon in one novel; in at least two others grossly burlesqued. We may trace the same precocious paragon in Julian Young's curious memoir of his father. But this type—the boy who cut out his grown-up rivals in love, wit, sport, politics, and billiards—was too exasperating to live long, and we are well rid of him. Then came attempts to analyse and emphasise typical or abnormal child-nature—the "misunderstoods" and Fantines of last generation and the small "sentimentals" of this—heroes quite permissible, so long as they are not too numerous or too prone to elbow their seniors into obscurity. But the favourite type of to-day, the type which here concerns me, is the Boy-hero of Action—the Small Boy who acts by intuition precisely like a big, bold, crafty, experienced man. From notices of Christmas books I gather that he now reigns supreme. Our Crusoes, our Cœur de Lions, our Marco Polos, our Nelsons, our very Münchausens blush to own that they are entering their teens. By twenty they are shelved—veterans who no longer can draw. Note how even Stevenson, who was rather an *intransigeant*, bows to the wave. In "Treasure Island," in the "Black Arrow," in "Kidnapped," and elsewhere the adventurer is only a boy. Granted this freak will soon be exaggerated to its death. Hercules will again strangle serpents in his very cradle. Then the girls will have their day, and little Miss will elope from her Kindergarten to outwit the Czar, enslave the Pope, discover the South Pole and perpetual motion, and found a new religion. But while it lasts the phase is worth considering.

Now these Boy-adventurers—Mr. Kipling's "Kim" among them—are frankly incredible. They are men looked at through the wrong end of the telescope. Boys are often daring, sometimes brave and dogged, but not when they are hungry and very cold. Boys evince cunning and resource within their own narrow limits, but not on a new emergency. We are not ants and bees. Instinct cannot carry us far in this complicated world. *Experientia docet.* And the virtues which shine so conspicuous in the Boy-adventurer are just those which experience and nothing else can teach. In each fearful complication or sudden catastrophe he always knows better than Papa what to do, and does it off-hand. The real boy either blubbers, or stands aside to watch the fun. Why, then, do we all acquiesce without a blush in this incredible young impostor? Our boys, of course, approve in him of their own apotheosis, but we?

Well, first, I suppose, his tender years appeal to our love of the marvellous. Then he represents strong humanity in its simplest abstract. He rarely travels with his family. His domestic ties are usually slender or nominal. He has no conventional setting, scenery, or environment. He is just one tiny, solitary scrap of humanity—Mr. Kipling makes us see this clearly—one little Man struggling manfully in the world's great waves; and so we are proud of him—we cheer him on, and rejoice mightily when he nears the shore. But the strongest charm of these books is that they simplify

* "Kim." By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan and Co.)

ALISON CUNNINGHAM ("CUMMY").

Whose care, during his ailing childhood, had done so much both to preserve Stevenson's life and awaken his love of tales and poetry, and of whom until his death he thought with the utmost constancy of affection.

"My dear old nurse—and you know there is nothing a man can say nearer his heart, except his mother or his wife—my dear old nurse, God will make good to you all the good that you have done, and mercifully forgive you all the evil."—"The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson," edited by Sidney Colvin.

CHALET LA SOLITUDE, HYÈRES,
Where Robert Louis Stevenson lived from March, 1883, to July, 1884.

"We all dwell together and make fortunes in the loveliest house you ever saw, with a garden like a fairy story, and a view like a classical landscape.
"Little? Well, it is not large. But it is Eden and Beulah and the Delectable Mountains and Eldorado and the Hesperidean Isles and Bimini."—"The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson."

From a Photograph kindly supplied by Mr. Graham Balfour.

humanity by eliminating one of its complications — sexual passion. A novel without love like "Caleb Williams" must always be abnormal and unnatural. By pretending that your young man was a mere boy in years you can cut out all the love - making, avoid the stuffy chambering, keep in the fresh air, and show that there is for an honest brave fellow a whole world of adventure, intrigue, and incident, undreamt of by Le Sage and his followers, quite apart from caterwauling and rope ladders. True, masters like Marryat and Stevenson allow their Boy-hero to cherish for the golden-haired little princess he rescues a chivalrous interest, which in due time ripens into true love and matrimony; but perhaps it is best omitted altogether. And Mr. Kipling omits it.

It is because we feel that such books have done and are doing much to foster the healthiest and manliest instincts, and to spoil the flavour of prurient novels and problem-plays, that we choose deliberately to be blind to the improbabilities of "Kim," nay, even to its incidental coarseness. Kim is a born detective and spy. Perhaps this is not original. For all I know an Infant Sherlock Holmes may have gone through many editions. But hardly an Oriental one. For Kim is a swarthy Lahore city Arab, though really of full Irish blood, son of a sergeant who had left a prophecy about honour to come to the boy when he meets a "Red Bull on a green ground." There is much Oriental mystery-mongering about this regimental cognisance, reminding us of that charming tale of another Irish soldier's son who had sunk to a savage hillman. Kim, whose age we compute with some difficulty to be about eleven, meets a delightful old lama, and they start together on their quests, the one for the River of Purification, the other for the Red Bull. Their wanderings recall those of Little Nell and her father, the lama being half crazy, guileless, helpless, and, with all his wisdom, dependent on the Irish heart and Oriental cunning of his little *chela*. Though there is a certain sameness and leanness in his discourses on the River and the Wheel, the old abbot impresses and charms us by his sheer goodness. And Kim is, after all, a boy, and a good boy, for Mr. Kipling craftily tones down his marvellous exploits by some boyish frailties, such as the vanity which forced him to divulge his first political secret. For Kim is already employed by the Government Secret Service, which is covertly training him for a spy. He meets the old regiment, is sent to a college for three years, spending his holidays wandering in disguise. Before starting work he is allowed six months' leave, for another journey with the lama—this time to his native Himalayas, where they grandly discomfit two Russian spies. The lama breaks down; they toil back to the plains, to the shelter and nursing of the rich "Kulu woman," in whom we first have a Begum photographed and phonographed to our comprehension. Kim is at death's door, recovers, and is about to enter on his career—which we hope to follow in a fresh volume. He strolls out; the lama joins him, and tells the End of the Quest, how he had been guided by the spirit to the mystic River, had washed away his sins, and was now ready for death. As a fact, he had fasted till he was crazy and then tumbled into the canal, whence he was fished out by the Babu. And here the book closes suddenly, lamely—yet sensibly. It looks at first sight an anti-climax—a burlesque—a gibe. I expected all along the "End of the Quest"—a conventional deathbed of ecstatic joy or agnostical despair. Mr. Kipling sees deeper. He does not kill the Seeker to slow music. We augur many more peaceful, happy years for the Holy One, now sweeter, gentler than ever. His Quest is ended—his heart-searching over—he tarries a little longer in the flesh. But nothing matters now—not even the Wheel, the Way, the Law, the River. No longer can they rise to fetter as of old—often in vain—his sweet human sympathy, "*sa divine bonté*," as the French so meanfully call it. We are not told this. With profound art the key—a single sentence—is found smothered in the Begum's chatter some pages earlier—"Thy master gives me now all the charms I desire for my grandson, by reason—is it?—that he is wholly free from sin." For years it had wounded his conscience to grant, wrung his heart to refuse his benefactress' superstitious requests—now he is above scruple; now he grants as of course the heart's desire with his "*divine bonté*," with the supreme indulgence of Deity. I could single out a dozen gems almost as rare as this. Another reader will find others which have escaped me. And these hid jewels with their sympathetic flashes are Mr. Kipling's peculiar glory.

Some faults the book has. Its English characters, as usual—especially Mr. Lurgan, an absurd revision of Jew Fagin—are overwrought. We wish we could believe in the marvels of the Secret Service, but, alas! we have just now almost 200,000,000 golden reasons for scepticism. The author still persists in puzzling the reader by obscurities which come to nothing, and in making his plotters talk in unnecessary enigmas. I have observed a few discrepancies and inconsistencies in the narrative. And there are too many capital letters.

The strength of the book lies in the native characters, the

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson.

Lloyd Osbourne. Sport. Robert Louis Stevenson.

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S SECOND VISIT TO AMERICA IN 1887.

Lama, the Begum, the Afghan horse-dealer, the Babu, and twenty more who, if only indicated by a few lines, are as alive, as distinctive, and as racy as those of Dickens. Its charm lies in its travel pictures, peopled with a life so strange to our eyes, yet, as he paints it, so near to our hearts. And its glory is those magic touches, those lightning flashes which for an instant light up some secret hiding-place of the Common World-Soul, and show the treasure therein to be pure bright gold.

Y. Y.

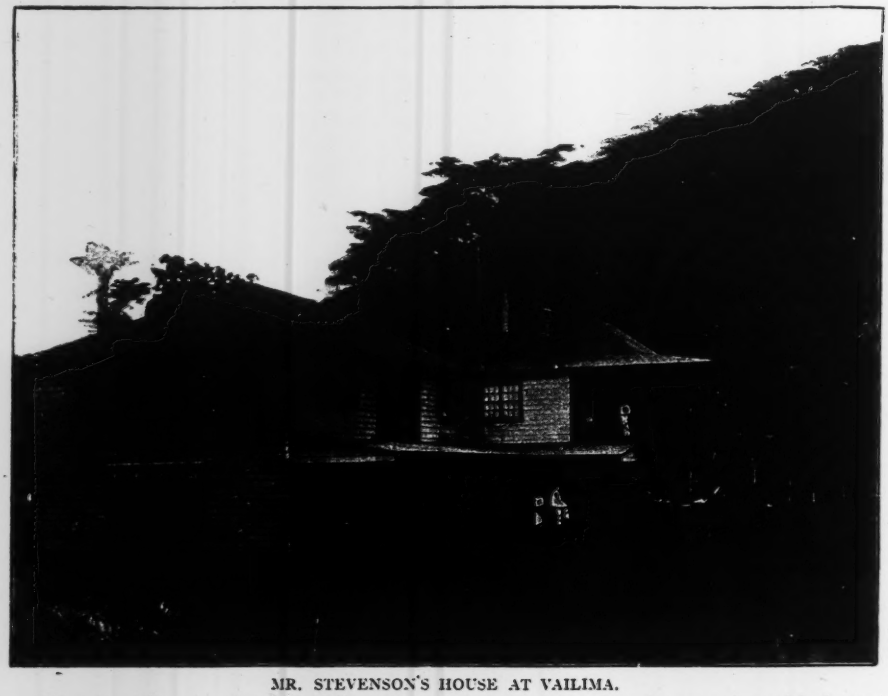
LUCAS MALET'S CHALLENGE.*

Rare books are sometimes flung out into the world which ask in the reader almost as great courage to take up and pass sentence on them as in the writer to put them forth. Of these "Sir Richard Calmady" is an example so robust that every table at which it is talked over will be turned to a battle-field. "Thou com'st in such a questionable shape," cries Hamlet on a midnight view of his father's ghost; and so does this Richard, this Quasimodo—repellent, even in his true figure horror-striking, yet with a message for us from regions beyond our petty time-theatre—"celestial-infernal," to borrow the language of Carlyle. I can fancy men not suffering their wives to touch the story; mothers will take care when and how their daughters have these lessons brought home to them; so much of a warning is only fair. Lucas Malet aims at the great literature to which. as to religion and science, nothing is common or unclean. Myself, like the old surgeon I am, whose knife has cut into many subjects, I cannot measure the effect on tender recruits, fresh from life's poetry; it will therefore be understood that I neither commend this volume for indiscriminate reading, nor exercise concerning it the office of guide post to a careless public.

But I agree with wiser men who judge its motive to be noble, its art and craft unusually fine, its moral sound and even Christian in no hackneyed sense. For years it has been my conviction that the achievements of Lucas Malet justified the very highest praise as literature dealing with life. Their sincerity was no less deep than their tone was direct and daring. At last, from an Inferno of dark flames, from a deformity which makes us blink and shudder, from mental agonies, revolts, pollutions, and despairs, springs up towards the sun a winged golden Hope, out of fire and anguish. To me that seems wonderful. Victor Hugo has attempted in like manner to pluck the rose from black Stygian fields, in his hunchback of Notre Dame, and in "L'Homme qui Rit." But he leaves us heartbroken. If we can hold on to the end—I am not saying that everyone can—with Richard the unlucky, we shall have caught a glimpse of certain Divine laws, and may turn from the sick ward to the open air, as in early days of the ministry I have found myself doing, resolute to look Satan in the eyes and tread him under our feet, even when he rises about us, a murky horror.

Is it not a shame to spoil the heartrending, yet high romance, by hashing it up in a paragraph? I will merely hint the chief lines. Down in a beautiful woodland country, touched in to the life, stands the old house of the Calmadys. They have everything fortune can give, except long life. Always the chief dies young, perishes by some crimson hand—a curse hangs over them and their stately towers. Its root is vulgar enough, seduction, shame, death of mother and babe; the roughest ballad rhymes have sung this too common tragedy, about which an odd prediction clings (or did until it was forgotten) of some other child, deformed in singular fashion, who shall make an end of the doom. Chapters, picturesque as an almost Elizabethan prose can make them, lead up to the birth of this extraordinary "Prometheus Bound." Under circumstances which will try the reader's heart and nerves, he is ushered into this world—an abortion with the fair features of his race, horridly crippled in both limbs. His mother—the grandest creation of Lucas Malet—lives for him, but her faith in God is shattered. The boy, a fiery heart caged in the dwarf's body, breaks out from his silken prison, learns to ride, falls in love—but with Helen his cousin, who is vile, and also married—tries for a bride elsewhere, is repulsed after acceptance, and rushes headlong on the rake's progress. At all the turning-points in this ugly yet pathetic tale, Lucas Malet is plain spoken, her characters undraped, not a shadow softens or conceals, even where, to English taste, reticence might be strictly advisable. Helen is a bad Catholic, Parisian of the type we have looked at in the "Comédie Humaine"; but Richard, else depraved, fancies her to be perfection. He is undeceived—at Naples, where the least pleasant scenes are laid—chastised body and soul, but emerges, over Lucifer's back, as Dante might say, into the new and better life. One bold episode follows another—highly daring is Richard's talk with Lady Calmady when he projects his unsuccessful marriage scheme; not less so the Byronic outburst in which he curses God, and cries that he will live to blaspheme his Maker. Such defiances—a malignant thunder striking up from Hades—resound in Milton, Goethe, and Shelley; but in prose they grate upon the ear discordantly enough, and we must resolve them by calling to mind that they are not finals. With Richard's sickness the upward march begins. His mother's martyrdom shall not be in vain. He resigns himself, submits, finds a way out of Tartarus, believes in the good God. Then we feel some curiosity, as light-fluttering novel readers, touching the conclusion. Is it to ring out those wedding chimes, so new, so old, that furnish the inevitable dénouement? Another was possible; would, to the Catholic at least, have appeared more in keeping with the heroism, the unexampled, of a situation tragic beyond any real disentanglement this side of the grave. Richard might have spent his days in a "peniten-

* "The History of Sir Richard Calmady. A Romance." By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Methuen and Co.)



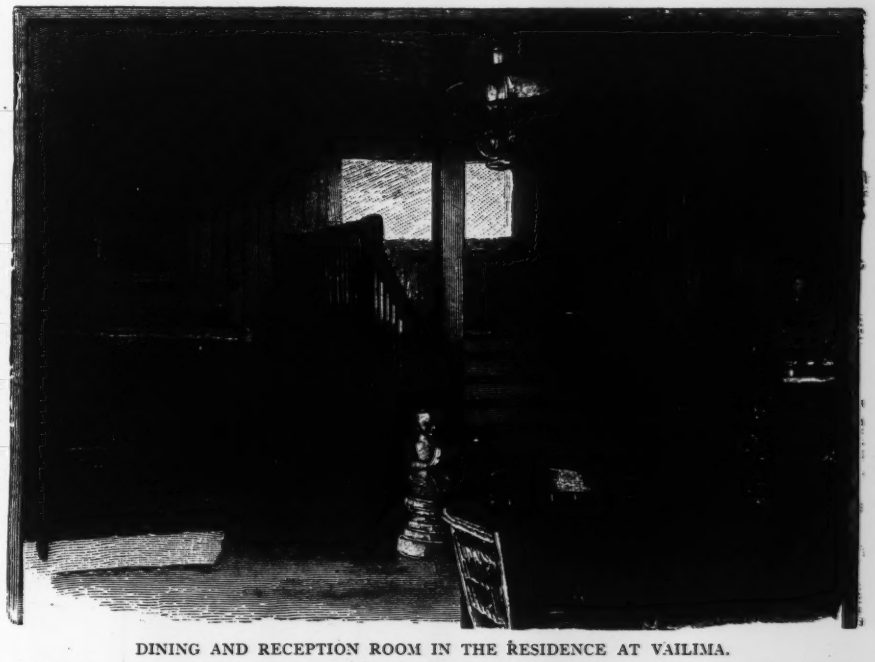
MR. STEVENSON'S HOUSE AT VAILIMA.

"Our place is in a dee cleft of Vaea Mountain, some six hundred feet above the sea, embowered in forest, which is our strangling enemy, and which we combat with axes and dollars."—"Vailima Letters."

tial loneliness," yet not unhappily. In the book he marries Honoria, whom we like and admire, and shrink from; our judgment on her conduct is, after all, a note of interrogation. More than once she lets slip a word which will offend—the colour is too flaming. About the unscrupulous Helen we know what to think; but Honoria remains a doubt in our minds, much as we are taken with her splendid freedom.

Wit, epigram, allusion, style—of course; how could Lucas Malet fail in these? And vivid character-painting: Dr. Knott, the cross-grained, queer, kindly surgeon; the Fallowfeilds; the stable-boys; we know them all. On the second plane, Julius March, Puseyite and half-converted ascetic, is delicately drawn; one could almost have wished that he had told the story. There is no doubt a severe pruning would strengthen it where it is strong already, and could not weaken it anywhere. It will be admired, hated, discussed *ad infinitum*; let us hope it will be understood. I think of Richard, its hero, as Caliban-Ariel, the deformed who grows wings and is set free at length by the divine magician Prospero. That such is the inward meaning I am satisfied. But I would not quarrel with any man who should assert that Richard, solitary and unmarried, would enforce this moral with less danger of being wrongly taken, than as a contented husband. There are cases in which the single life, vowed or once for all accepted, is the best fifth act, and so perhaps it would have been in this tragedy.

WILLIAM BARRY.



DINING AND RECEPTION ROOM IN THE RESIDENCE AT VAILIMA.

"My house is a great place; we have a hall fifty feet long, with a great red-wood stair ascending from it, where we dine in state."—"The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson."

FAME AND FICTION.*

If, without going even half-way to condemn the enquiry pursued by Mr. E. A. Bennet in this volume, I may utter a word of friendly warning, I will remind him that, while a study of literary popularity and its causes falls well within the limits of useful criticism, there lurks a very subtle temptation in the pounding of impostors. We cannot carry our scorn of anything on earth beyond a certain point without descending towards its level. In the act of rating it we are tacitly admitting that it occupies too much of our thought and fascinates us unworthily. On the value of public applause Mr. Bennet speaks temperately and, in my opinion, wisely. Playwrights have told me of a sort of "collective conscience" in their audience which is far more sensitive in discerning good from evil than the conscience of any single hearer you can pick at haphazard. So beneath all the vagaries of popular taste in books, and in novels particularly, Mr. Bennet detects a steady, if inarticulate, sense of righteousness. And I believe not only that he is right, but that he has hold of the one condition of popularity which ought to give a writer real concern. On the other hand, to spend pages in whipping the faults and fatuities of authors who sell their books by the fifty thousand copies is not merely a waste of time: it seems to argue the very preoccupation the critic assails in his victims; to argue that, loudly as he scorns the mercenary side of literature, he is unable to stand out of its shadow.

"The sound reputation of an artist is originally due never to the public, but to the critics. I do not use the word critic in a limited, journalistic sense; it is meant to include all those persons, whether scribes or not, who have genuine opinions about an art." Again—"When a book attains a large circulation one usually says that it succeeds," but if a book be a fine one and sell by the scores of thousands, "it is not the book but the public which succeeds." Mr. Bennet will forgive me that I applaud these conclusions the more heartily for having arrived at something very like them after an enquiry of my own, made, some years ago, in the columns of the *Speaker*. The enquiry was first suggested (if I remember rightly) by a declaration of Mr. Hall Caine's which he afterwards amended into this—"The finest critic is the untutored sentiment of the public, not of to-day or to-morrow or the next day, but of all days together—a sentiment which tells if a thing be right or wrong by holding on to it or letting it go." And whilst admitting that on the moral healthiness or unhealthiness of a book even hasty public opinion is (discount being allowed for occasional blunders, some of them monstrous) a tolerably safe guide, and at least a guide to be reckoned with, Mr. Bennet and I would probably agree that Mr. Hall Caine's pronouncement is even more fallacious than oracular: since by spreading the rightness of the popular verdict over all time he not only dodges every particular moment at which it can be pinned down as wrong, but he spreads it over the years through which the few and true critics have been exerting their efforts to persuade. He claims the right to pick out any moment between this and the millennium—sooner or later, as the multitudes may happen to be quick or dull to receive instruction—and to say, "There! I told you so! The public is the true judge after all." It is a case of "Heads I win, tails you lose." In 1802 De Quincey held Wordsworth to be a great poet: in 1802 the public reckoned Wordsworth to be a rhyming *crétin*. In 1850 (say) the successors of De Quincey were still insisting, and the public had come to be in two minds about the fellow. And now the public has no doubt at all of Wordsworth's genius. To such wisdom will "untutored sentiment" arrive—if given time enough and a determined few to bully it.

Mr. Bennet has what I hold to be the very first quality of a good critic—a sense of good workmanship, wherever he sees it, answering to that sense which in a writer makes good workmanship a point of honour. He has a shrewdness, too, which rarely deserts him—as it deserts him, to my thinking, in the chapter on Mr. Barrie, of whom he has to conclude that "when we return to the best parts of 'A Window in Thrums,' we are apt to remark that we care not whether Mr. Barrie is a literary artist or not, he is an undefined Something that we enjoy." Now the business of the critic is just to define these undefined Somethings, and to expound the pleasure which he has had the capacity to feel; not to dismiss this Something as a puzzling accident, at the end of an irrelevant enquiry into Something Else.

* "Fame and Fiction. An Enquiry into Certain Popularities." By E. A. Bennet. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Also Mr. Bennet writes temperately. He has no mercy for the foolish belief (invented by certain popular novelists in self-defence) that the uneducated person for the moment known as the Man in the Street can teach the critic his business: but, though one of the artistic minority, he does not run about shouting Philistine! An American proverb, now obsolete, said, "Never hit a man called Sullivan." The artist who shouts "Philistine!" at the public is hitting a man called Sullivan. Mr. Bennet is wiser. He is also a pleasant writer to meet, and a critic whose career should be worth watching. Let me add that he writes good English.

A. T. QUILLER COUCH.

MAGIC AND RELIGION.*

The title of this book is deceptive. The subject of "Magic and Religion" only takes up a single chapter of thirty pages; considerable space is occupied by several interesting essays on "The Theory of Loan-Gods," "Cup and Ring Figures," "First-fruits and Taboos," and "Walking through Fire"; but the main portion of the book (pp. 76-204) is an attack on a particular section of the second edition of Dr. Frazer's "Golden Bough."

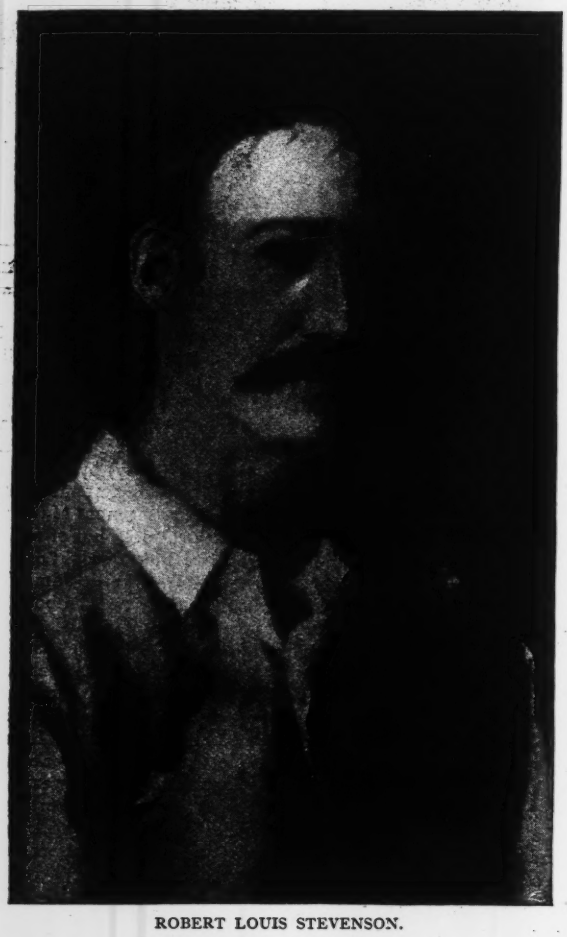
In that section the author identifies the Mordecai and Esther of Jewish story with the Babylonian deities, Marduk or Merodach, and Ishtar or Astarte, the Oriental goddess of festivity, and seeks to connect the Jewish festival of Purim with a Babylonian festival called Sacæa, at which a mock king was arrayed in royal robes and, after enjoying a period of license, finally hanged or crucified. He thinks that at the Roman Saturnalia, held in honour of Saturnus, "the god of sowing," a similar practice prevailed, and he wishes to bring this practice into relation with his theory that among numerous peoples the annual renewal of vegetation was supposed to require the annual death or sacrifice of some being (sometimes a man-god) in whom the "spirit of vegetation" was supposed to reside, in order that it might be continually re-embodied in a new and vigorous representative, thus retaining its vitality perpetually unimpaired. He further suggests that some circumstances connected with the Crucifixion, especially the mock crowning of Our Lord by the Roman soldiers, may have their counterpart in the mock ceremonies of the Sacæa, and even that the conception of "a dying and risen God," which was "no new one" in the East, may have affected Christian theology.

Dr. Frazer himself distinctly calls this view a "speculation," into which he has perhaps been led "somewhat deeper than the evidence warrants." Moreover it forms no necessary portion of his great work, and indeed constitutes only a section of 62 pages. Mr. Lang, however, chooses to regard it as the central truth to the establishment of which Dr. Frazer has devoted "three volumes of the largest calibre" containing "1,500 pages" and "500,000 words"; he ignores the fact that the author himself recognises the uncertainty of his own hypotheses, modestly expressing the hope that, even if they are superseded, his book "may still have its utility and interest as a repertory of facts," and he proceeds to lay bare at great length the weaknesses and inconsistencies of this particular theory, apparently under the idea that he thus entirely destroys what he calls "the vegetable school, the Covent-garden school of mythologists."

That school, like other schools, undoubtedly sometimes runs riot. The "spirit of vegetation" when it becomes rampant, needs checking and pinching back. Dr. Frazer will probably be the healthier for having the exuberance with which he puts forth theories repressed by Mr. Lang, but one could wish that the operator in performing his useful task had been a little less tedious and inartistic. The weakness of Dr. Frazer's case might have been made clear in ten pages, but Mr. Lang hacks it to pieces in half a volume, and it is hard to understand how so able a writer could lapse into the style which is here exhibited. The poverty of English speech is not so great that it needs to import such phrases as "*à plaisir*," "*en permanence*," and "*tout va bien!*" while it could well spare from its own treasury "one-idea'd," "unlaw," and "a buxom opportunity." To write "our science cannot expedite progress unless our science is scientific" is not so much dignified and oracular as an insult to the pronoun "it." When, too, it is said of a Babylonian month, which has been shifted to various parts of the year, that "it is as firm as the Macedonian phalanx, and will not masquerade as March-April," no doubt the comparison of a month to a phalanx has a certain charm of incongruity, but as the object of a phalanx was to *move* with irresistible weight, it seems an inapt illustration of what is stationary, while neither a month nor a phalanx can easily be imagined as "masquerading." Dr. Frazer may be faulty in his theories, but at least he expresses them in English which is intelligible; whether Mr. Lang's own hypothesis as to the origin of religion is sound or not must, however, remain uncertain until an interpreter is found for the following statement of it (p. 225):—

"Early man, looking for an origin of things, easily adopted the idea of a maker, usually an unborn man, who was before death and still exists. Round this being crystallised affection, fear, and sense of duty; he sanctions morality and early man's remarkable resistance to the cosmic tendency: his notion of unselfishness."

Two important points remain to be noticed. Mr. Lang holds that in discussing certain Australian beliefs Dr. Frazer "ignores" or "overlooks" evidence which runs counter to his theory, and he dwells very convincingly on the difficulty of



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
From a Painting by Count Nerli.

"His brow was oval and full, over soft brown eyes, that seemed already to have drunk the sunlight under southern vines. The whole face had a tendency to an oval Madonna-like type. But about the mouth and in the mirthful, mocking light of the eyes, there lingered ever a ready Autolycus roguery, that rather suggested the sly god Hermes masquerading as a mortal. Yet the eyes were always genial, however gaily the lights danced in them; but about the mouth there was something tricksy and mocking, as of a spirit that had already peeped behind the scenes of Life's pageant and more than guessed its unrealities."

Reproduced from "Robert Louis Stevenson," by H. B. Baildon, by kind permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

* "Magic and Religion." By Andrew Lang. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

reproducing in modern terms the ideas of savages as regards religion. The first point needs Dr. Frazer's careful attention, because it is as "a repertory of facts," to use his own phrase, that his book has its permanent value, and the evidence which he brings forward ought to be free from all suspicion of partiality or prejudice. With reference to the second point nothing can be more brilliant and effective than the way in which (p. 37) Mr. Lang turns a report beginning, "They believe in the existence of a Son of God equal to him in omniscience," into the very different language which was probably employed by the original speaker; and when another authority, writing of the Tongan supreme being, Ta-li-y-Tooboo, states that "they suppose him to be eternal," it is just criticism to point out that "the metaphysical idea of eternity is only expressed in the meaning of the god's name 'Wait-there-Tooboo.'" The savage who calls his deity "Wait-there-Tooboo" has some touch of feeling and imagination, and it shows a lack of both qualities to substitute for such a description an adjective like "eternal," which eludes the grasp of ordinary minds.

T. E. Page.

MR. GILBERT PARKER'S NEW NOVEL.*

Mr. Parker has a fine eye for romantic situations, and an extraordinarily fine sense of romantic atmosphere. Also he can lay his finger accurately on the qualities in man or woman which make for romance. He can bring them together with the right clash, and in the clash he often sounds a deep note. But one thing he has to learn before he writes a great novel: and that is, so to comprehend his characters that their acts and passions, however flagrantly romantic, obey a law within themselves and never violate probability for the sake of a good "curtain." At present he seems to write his books up to certain situations: which is no bad way, so long as the situations remain few enough, or simple enough, to allow you to invent your characters for them. But if you happen to have—as Mr. Parker has—a mind upon which great situations crowd, why, then, unless you practise the severest self-denial, you come to a pass through which your characters will not go of their own accord and cannot be twisted except with violence. As Mr. Swinburne once observed in an essay on Charles Reade, it must happen to man who is Euripides but not yet Sophocles to find himself sooner or later reduced to choose between the consistency of his characters and the effectiveness of his situations, and if the man be not yet a Sophocles he will infallibly, when confronted with this dilemma, determine that character must rather be sacrificed to effect than effect to character. This is the election made in this book by Mr. Parker, and not once only, but once most disastrously.

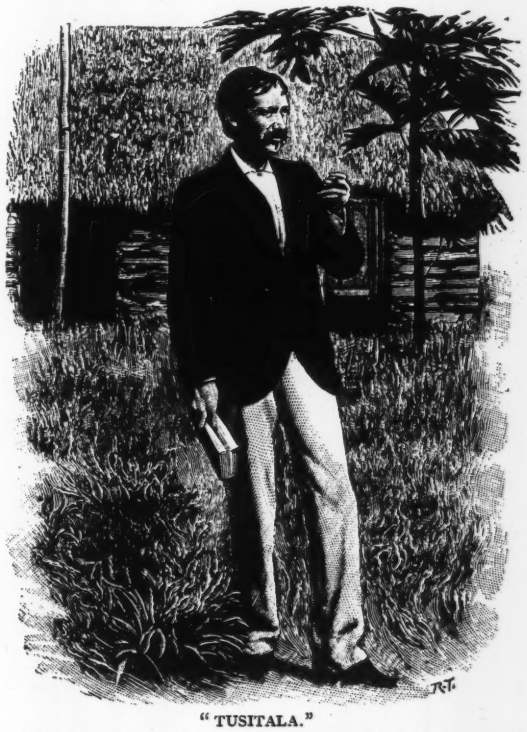
If the public can overlook what seems to us a fatal flaw in characterisation, this book may win popularity. Its main theme—the redemption of a cynic and an unbeliever by his love for a pure and artless girl—is one of the most popular in fiction. Its hero, Charley Steele, with his dandy coolness, his eye-glass, and his real sentimentality beneath his scorn of sentiment, should appeal as surely as Don Cæsar de Bazan, Cyrano de Bergerac, Sidney Carton, or Mr. Bret Harte's polished gamblers. Critics may object that in life such a man would never have written the verses beginning—

"Over thy face is a veil of white sea-mist. . . ."

in p. 43, and that he is only made to write them because Mr. Parker wrote them and very justly finds them effective. The public will overlook this: for Charley is a splendid fellow and makes a superbly dramatic end after a veritable orgie of romantic situations—as when he, the infidel, is scarred on the breast by a red-hot cross; or as when he, the Eugene Aram longing to be free, saves his sleep-walking wife on the verge of a precipice. But we doubt if the public will forgive Rosalie's fall. It damages in the hero so much that Mr. Parker has been laboriously building up; it is so starkly incredible of such a girl as we, at Mr. Parker's persuasion, have believed Rosalie to be; and it is so wantonly done, in defiance of character, for the sake of an effective "curtain" to a scene in the Passion-Play; that we doubt if it can possibly pass.

If it do, the story may have a great success. Even an enormous one would not wholly surprise us. What is more, its success would do the public credit: for Mr. Parker has always been an artist and on the side of the angels, and in his latest story he champions that side most effectively. No one wants the public to pause over a *mauvais pas* in characterisation: let it leave the reviewers boggling there. But let it fasten on a good tale, piled up with romantic effect, charged with romantic feeling, and emerging into a religious calm;

* "The Right of Way. Being the Story of Charley Steele and Another." By Gilbert Parker. 6s. (Heinemann.)



"TUSITALA."

"Out here alone by the garrulous water, under the silence of the high wood, broken by incongruous sounds of birds."—"Vailima Letters."

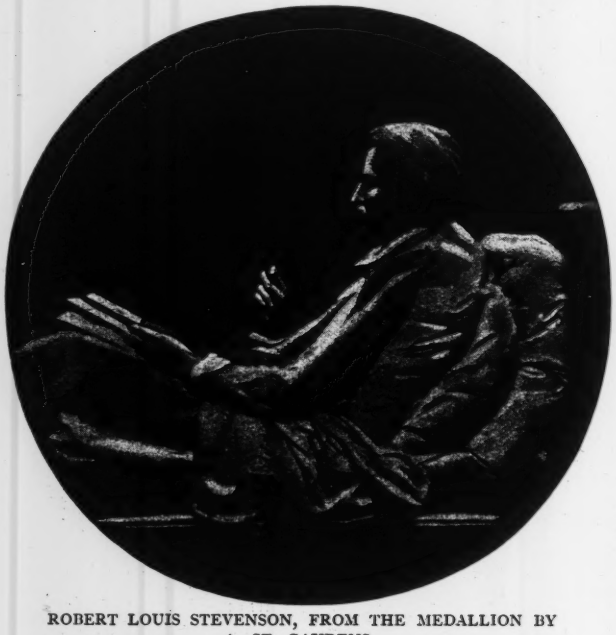
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AT THE AGE OF 44.
From a Painting in the National Portrait Gallery, by Percy F. S. Spence.
(Collection Rischgitz.)

a tale which enforces good doctrine and, by force of the author's temperament, excites high emotions on the way.

MR. CROCKETT'S LOVE IDYLLS.*

This dainty little volume seems to me to "prove nothing" except that Mr. Crockett's hand as a pure lyrist has lost its cunning, though ever so slightly, and that he should devote a year or at least six months to the production of a successor—which need not, however, be a sequel—to "Cleg Kelly." The best story in this collection is also the slightest and least idyllic—"The Love Story of Captain Ebenezer Grubb, S.A." Grubb has nothing of the masterful shrewdness of Cleg Kelly, and Eva Coles is a silly, selfish thing who likes a sweetheart and a ring, but does not "know what love is." Yet the slender and matter-of-fact pathos of their story is genuine. It shows, too, Mr. Crockett at his best as a phrase-maker and realistic reproducer of the pettinesses of average conversation. "Placards whose religious outspokenness struck the uninitiated with a thrill of pain" is true in art, and, as an exhibition of envious contempt, "'Tis a fine thing to be able to traipse about pompommin' in the mid of the day when other folk be a-workin'," is true to life. Although the muse of the byre is not seen to such advantage in these idylls as in "Lads' Love," there is true Scottish, Gallovidian, and terribly earnest coquetry in "Love among the Beech Leaves." Isobel McLurg, too, with her excellent mother-wit, saves the most ambitious story, "The Fitting of the Peats," from being irredeemably commonplace, although, as a Presbyterian Puritan, her father Ninian is as much of a caricature as are the elders in "The Little Minister," although Adrian Home does not even make a good walking gentleman, and although the *deus ex machina* Henry Pelham is the reverse of a historical personage. There is an abundance of Mr. Crockett's vigour as a battle-painter in "The Count and Little Gertrud"—the story of the convict gang somehow recalls "Midshipman Easy"—but the idyllic element is mere Lord-of-Burleighism, and rather poor at that. The tragedy of "Vernor the Traitor" presents a fresh aspect of the old "hill-folk" life, but the self-sacrifice at the close is too reminiscent of Sydney Carton. As for "Billiam" and "That Popish Parson Fellow," and the like, they have nothing specially to recommend them except their realisation of that modern muscular Christianity, which is equally ready with its fists and its tears, and which beyond all doubt Mr. Crockett sometimes makes provokingly attractive.

WILLIAM WALLACE.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, FROM THE MEDALLION BY A. ST. GAUDENS.

"The medallion has been at last triumphantly transported up the hill and placed over my smoking-room mantelpiece. It is considered by everybody a first-rate, but flattering, portrait. We have it in a very good light, which brings out the artistic merits of the god-like sculptor to great advantage. As for my own opinion, I believe it to be a speaking likeness, and not flattered at all: possibly a little the reverse."—"The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson."

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S NEW POEM.†

To the imagination of our race the Sea-saga makes irresistible appeal. Who has read of the wanderings of St. Brandan or the voyage of Maeldune—to go no further afield—without being conscious of the freshness and the wonder of the world's adventurous youth? Othere, holding out to King Alfred the walrus-tooth in his brown hand as a proof of the truth of his strange story, is as unforgettable as Sir Humphrey Gilbert reading his book among the driving icebergs, or Salvation Yeo with the romance of the New World etched on his white buffalo horn. It is not surprising therefore that Sir Edwin Arnold should have perceived epical possibilities in the brief and much-discussed passage in which Herodotus tells how Neco, King of Egypt, "sent certain Phœnicians in ships" to sail round the unknown shores of Africa and to return home by the Pillars of Hercules.

The subject catches the attention; and the poet sets out, gallantly enough, to tell how Ithobal, allured by the silver dove of Ishtar, entered the slave-market of Tyre just in time to purchase Nesta, the wondrous Libyan maiden, with his one pearl,

> "Fished on a moonlit night by the Isle of Birds,
> A moon itself,"

and so set his feet in the ways to which the high gods had destined him. For Nesta had been born under alien stars, far beyond the springs of Nile, and for her the unexplored seas beyond Punt were no mysterious wastes of terror and death, but honest brine washing lands fairer even than Syria and Egypt. When, therefore, Pharaoh Neco sent to Tyre for stout mariners to take his ships through

> "the dark seas
> Nether of nethermost, and past the bounds
> Where boldest oar hath dipped,"

Ithobal was eager to take service, and Nesta went with him.

With such romantic chances to the poet's hand, "The Voyage of Ithobal," one feels, ought to have been a notable, if not a great work; but it must be acknowledged, however regretfully, that the achievement falls far below the opportunity. Of this expedition of Neco, supposing it to be historical, no record survives beyond the few lines in Herodotus, but it would not have been difficult, had the poet willed, to reproduce the spirit and temper of the age from the legends and travellers' tales that have come down to us. It was an age that believed in dog-faced mortals, in tribes that warred with the south wind, in colossal ants whose hills were heaped with gold-dust, in

> "Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders."

The Africa which Ithobal discovers, however, is the Africa of the absolutely up-to-date geographer. The narrative from this point of view is one long anachronism, crowded with uncouth place-names, and notes on natural history written in the light of modern science. In the Periplus of Hanno, with its naïve horror of the leagues of mysterious fire at night and its wonder at the wild men and women (some of whose skins were carried back to Carthage), we catch a glimpse of the real adventurers of the ancient time. In this "Voyage of Ithobal" the "wild men" become mere "gorillas"; and in a passage (p. 74), which suggests a page of Henry Drummond, Nesta makes it clear that the protective mimicry of insects is quite familiar to her.

A more serious fault than anachronism is the lack of human interest. There is no passionate intention, no growing and culminating design. Mere incidents, of course, are not wanting, but they do not impart the pleasure of novelty; and while they help to fix attention on Nesta, they sadly disparage Ithobal. For "a master of the sea," an eminent sea-dog who was equally familiar with Tarifa and Bab-el-Mandeb, Ithobal is a curiously inept and resourceless seafarer. Nesta

* "Love Idylls." By S. R. Crockett. 5s. (London: John Murray. 1901.)

† "The Voyage of Ithobal." By Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. 5s. net. (John Murray.)

cures him of snake-bite, saves him from a pit-trap, oils the breakers for him, discovers a febrifuge, detects poisoned drink, finds water and "estridge"-eggs, and enlightens him on the subject of the mirage. For his part Ithobal tells the story when all's done. One startling surprise the poet has contrived for his readers. Sitting by the camp-fire of their zareba at the mouth of the Congo, the explorers hear the wild voices of the Libyan night, and, louder than all, the roar of the lions, rolling round the hills. "Know'st thou, master," asks Nesta, arousing herself from what seemed a dream,

> "Know'st thou, my Master! what the lions say?
> They have been kings: they are the kings to-night;
> All this is theirs; the river and its reeds,
> The hills, the thickets, and the roaming game,
> The village people and their lives—all's theirs,
> And this dark world must listen when they speak,
> Will listen many an age. Yet it is spite
> Makes them to roar so bitter; centuries pass
> Like moons at last, and after centuries
> The lions know that down this stream will come
> A white man bringing to the darkness dawn
> As doth the morning star. . . . .
> The lions know and roar their hate of it.
> Hark! *Ist-a-la-ni! Ist-a-la-ni!* cries
> The Marsh Hen: knowing who will come at last;
> And wolves snarl—dreaming of 'the Stone-Breaker.'"*

The passage just quoted is a fair specimen of the poetic quality of the book. Nowhere, in spite of many landings and sailings, many dawns and many a twilight, shall you find such lines as these:

> "The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
> Moans round with many voices;"

or so rememberable a cadence as this, which Tennyson, touching for a moment on a similar theme, wrote and afterwards rejected:

> "The Northwind fall'n, in the newstarrèd night,
> Zidonian Hanno, voyaging beyond
> The hoary promontory of Soloë
> Past Thymiaterion, in calmèd bays."

WILLIAM CANTON.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
From a Painting in the National Portrait Gallery, by Sir Wm. Blake Richmond.
(Collection Rischgitz.)

DEISSMANN'S BIBLE STUDIES.†

In 1895 Deissmann published his "Bibelstudien," and in 1897 his "Neue Bibelstudien." These volumes were at once recognised as interesting and valuable contributions to the knowledge of Biblical Greek. Since their publication a vast increase of available material has accumulated by the decipherment of Egyptian papyri. Some of this material has been used in the present English translation, but, as Dr. Deissmann remarks in his preface, "What remains for scholars interested in such investigations is hardly less than enormous, and is being augmented year by year." The diligence and skill of Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, as well as the industry of Continental scholars, are continually adding to the means at our command for attaining a more accurate knowledge of spoken and epistolary Greek of the few centuries before and after the Christian era. And it is very desirable that some competent scholar, such as Mr. James Hope Moulton, should collect into one volume all that can be gathered from the published papyri and inscriptions for the illustration of New Testament vocabulary, accidence and syntax. For even although the individual student has access to the British and Berlin Museums, and to the collections of the Archduke Rainer and Dr. Flinders Petrie, and the publications of Grenfell and Hunt, it is somewhat laborious to track a word through half a score of separate indexes. Meanwhile we must be content with the first-fruits presented by Dr. Deissmann. And for these we are cordially grateful. They give us much more than a foretaste or sample of what is yet to be enjoyed. Not only does the author make good his main thesis that Biblical Greek is not a peculiar language, distinctly marked off from the speech of the period to which it belongs, but he fixes the meaning of several important New Testament words by their use in the papyri. This part of his work is done once for all. The dissertation on "Letters and Epistles" is extravagantly prolix, and amounts to little. But otherwise the volume contains much that is indispensable to the student of Greek, or of the New Testament and Septuagint. The translation is well executed, and the book has been printed with unusual care.

ON THE ZUIDER ZEE.*

This is a work which attracted a considerable amount of attention in Holland when it was published there, three or four years ago if we remember rightly. And deservedly so. It consists mainly of illustrations: those of the towns, Monnikendam, Edam, Hoorn, Enkhuizen, Medemblik, reproductions by zincograph of drawings made on the same scale by Mr. Nieuwenkamp, and those of Broek, Vollendam, Marken, and the other villages from wood-cuts designed and executed by Mr. Veldheer. There are in all thirty of these extremely interesting illustrations. Mr. Nieuwenkamp's drawings are direct, refined, full of air (wonderfully so, considering the method), and particularly successful in conveying a sense of suffused sunlight, as in the "Bell Tower and Weigh House: Monnikendam," and in several of the Enkhuizen series. Mr. Veldheer is seen at his best in "The Village: Marken," a beautiful and delicate drawing which does not suffer from violent rendering of cloud effect, as do some of his other cuts, notably one of Vollendam. The letterpress, by Mr. W. J. Tuyn, is stated on the cover, by a ludicrous error, to be by Van W. Tuyn. The notes on the towns confine themselves for the most part severely to the subjects of the accompanying drawings, and are mainly of antiquarian interest. A somewhat wider range is taken in the notes on the villages, the accounts of which, especially of Marken and Vollendam, are curious and valuable. We observe the suggestion, which some portraits in the Rijks Museum confirm, that the singular costume of the Marken women and children is that worn of old by the farmers' wives in Waterland. For the benefit of English readers who may wish a more popular account of these towns and villages an Introduction is supplied, presumably by the translator. A well-informed chapter on recent autographic art in Holland would have been useful and appropriate.

D. S. MELDRUM.

* Native name of Sir H. M. Stanley.

† "Bible Studies: Contributions chiefly from Papyri and Inscriptions to the history of the language, the literature, and the religion of Hellenistic Judaism and primitive Christianity." By Dr. G. Adolf Deissmann. Authorised translation, incorporating Dr. Deissmann's most recent changes and additions. By Alexander Grieve, D.Phil. 9s. (T. and T. Clark.)

* "Old Dutch Towns and Villages of the Zuider Zee." By W. J. Tuyn. Illustrations by W. D. J. Nieuwenkamp and J. G. Veldheer. 21s. (Unwin.)

THE DEATH OF THE GODS.*

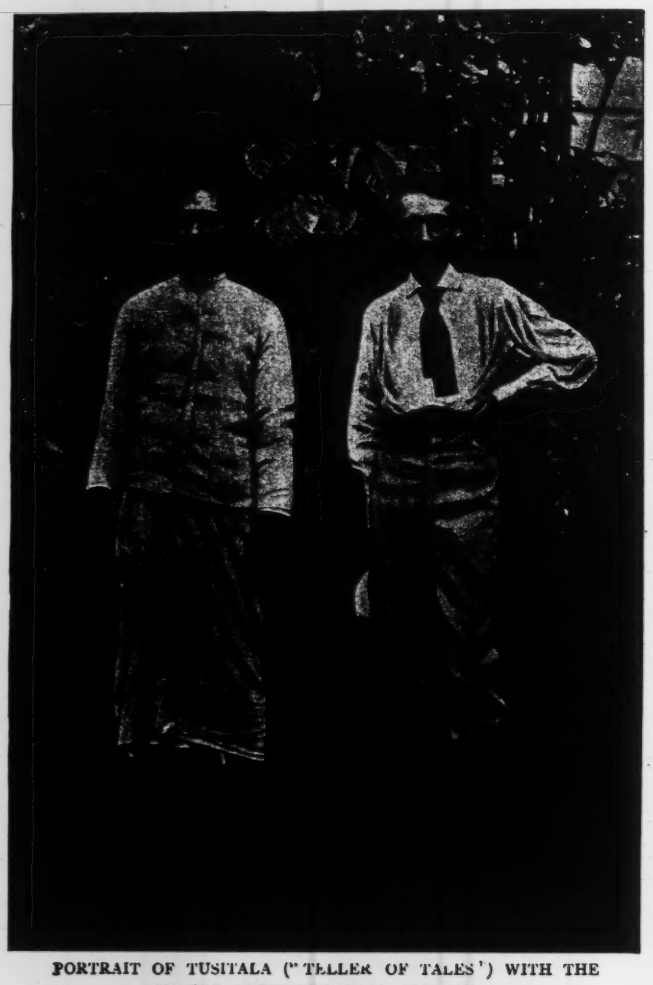
This book purports to be a novel, but the story can hardly be said to have a plot, and consists rather of a series of tableaux illustrating the life and times of Julian the Apostate. The scenes are shifted with bewildering rapidity, and certainly do not lack variety. From Cappadocia to Constantinople and Ephesus, from there to Athens, Milan, the Rhine, and Paris, the reader is whirled along, only to be hurried back through Thrace and Constantinople to Antioch and the distant deserts of Persia, finally to be left floating somewhere in the Ægæan off "an islet of which none knew the name." He visits prisons, palaces, palæstras, nunneries, temples, churches, catacombs, camps, baths, hippodromes, fish-quays, dancing-booths, and taverns, while priests, bishops, hierophants, eunuchs, soldiers, poets, philosophers, saints, sinners, and emperors bustle endlessly to and fro.

Nor is all this wealth of places and persons wanting in magnificence of descriptive colour. The very first chapter introduces us to an inn-keeper whose beard "was like a bunch of the grapes of Samos," while his wife brings with her "the smell of country freshness, milk and manure." The bottle of "*Anthosmium*" which he produces "had been even in the reign of Diocletian more than a hundred years old," so that the glass, where it shows through mould and mildew, is "no longer transparent but irised," and when the wicked tribune, his guest, has "with a sensual smile poured into it a drop of precious Arabian cinnamon," which falls "like a creaming pearl," it is no wonder that, after quaffing "the marvellous liquor" and witnessing the performance of "a huge serpent with flat green head and brilliant carbuncled eyes," he is easily incited by the wizard Nogodarès to murder the two young Cæsars, Julian and Gallus. The tableau is brilliant, and leads up admirably to its successor, where the young princes are in prison guarded by the usual faithful nurse and a virtuous eunuch, who foils the wicked tribune by taking out of a drawer an obsolete imperial edict. This he flaunts in the face of the wicked tribune, who, when he sees the Emperor's title, "Our Eternity—*Nostra æternitas*," at the head and "the great Imperial seal of dark green wax attached by golden threads" at the foot, at once "grew pale," "felt his knees give way," and fled. It is all slightly irrelevant and slightly improbable, but as a tableau it is pretty, and if something more piquant is desired, the reader can turn to Chapter VI. and see a Nubian girl dance the *Cordax*—full details are given—and be carried off by Gallus to a temple of Priapus. Or, if he prefers the repulsive, he can watch a fat millionaire merchant, who, while he is taking a hot bath and the steam plays over him, "looks like some squat and monstrous god in process of apotheosis (*sic*), tunding his fat flesh and belly like a drum," and then allowing "a handsome curly-headed slave who resembled Antinous to unseal over his head a slender amphora containing the costliest Arabian cassia," which the fat merchant "spreads" over himself, finally wiping his gross fingers in the curly head of the slave." Or, if this is not enough, he can read how Julian first falls in love with the beautiful Arsinoe, whose hair "is golden at its ends as honey in the sun." The maiden is "hurling the disk" and "entirely naked." The sunbeams play round her, clothing her "as in the loveliest raiment, in pure light and beauty." But at last the "pure light" is too much for her; "she shivered and grew ashamed." Then "with one hand she shielded her breast, with the other the abdomen, the immortal gesture of Aphrodite of Cnidos." It would be difficult to pen a sentence more incomparably hideous.

* "The Death of the Gods." Translated from the Russian of D. Merejkowski by H. Trench. pp. 463. 6s. (Constable and Co.)

A PORTRAIT OF MRS. STRONG, STEVENSON'S STEP-DAUGHTER AND VALUED AMANUENSIS.

But it will be asked what all this has to do with "The Death of the Gods." The answer, as stated by Mr. Trench in the Introduction, is that "writers of genius"—among whom a writer who has "perhaps more skill than Sienkiewicz in 'Quo Vadis?'" is, of course, included—use the historical novel to "transfer to the stage of the world the drama which is being played in their own souls." Hence, as Mr. D. Merejkowski believes in "Pagano-Christian dualism," according to which "the really full man, the perfect man" should be equally "an hedonist and an altruist," "respect" alike "the soul and the senses," and "ally in harmonious equilibrium the cult of Dionysus and the cult of Christ," he thinks fit to make great historical characters the instruments for expounding his own views on the subject. In the second of the present "trilogy" of novels he modestly speaks through the lips of Leonardo da Vinci and Savonarola; in the third he selects Peter the Great, who, for some unknown reason, he calls Antechrist, while in the present volume Julian is his mouthpiece. But what Julian means no one but the writer of the book can say. He starts as a student of Plato, but when he grows up and makes love to Arsinoë he frankly says, "I am wicked, and wish to be wickeder still," whereupon the lady (who afterwards becomes a nun) encourages him by replying, "Be prouder yet, be wickeder yet." As Emperor he insults the Christians, and assembles an œcumenical council "in the Atrium of Constantine," the centre of which is occupied by "a statue of the Venus Callipyge in warm and living marble," in order that he may scoff at their quarrels and the spectacle of a bishop spitting in an opponent's face (p. 317). But just before his death he begins to talk of "the gods being no more" and of a time when men "shall all be gods, all," and "souls laughing for



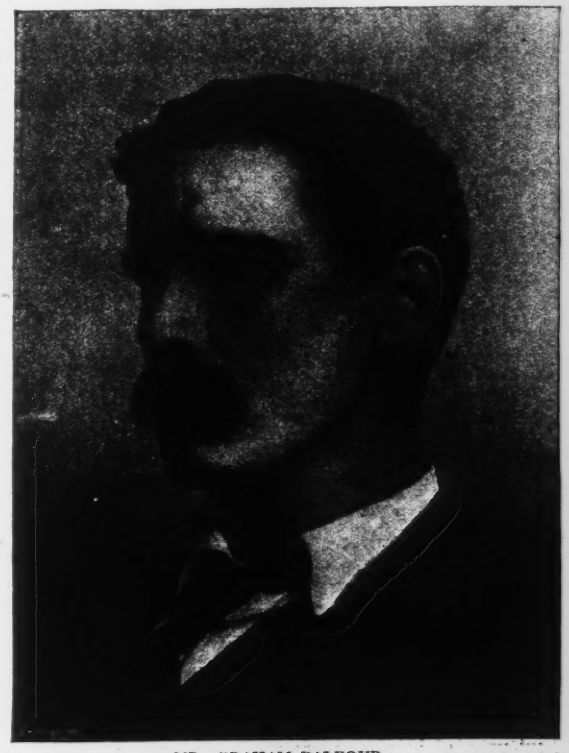
PORTRAIT OF TUSITALA ("TELLER OF TALES") WITH THE NATIVE CHIEF TUI-MA-LE-ALII-FANO.

Reproduced from "The Vailima Letters," by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.

ever like the sun," while his last words are, "Helios, receive me into thyself. . . ." It is all so mysterious as to suggest a suspicion that it is not intended to be sense. Indeed, the author almost hints as much himself. The tenth chapter is stuffed full of marvels and marvellous sayings, ending in a discourse by "the great philosopher" Maximus, after hearing which the student to whom it is addressed says, "Master, I do not understand you." "And that is precisely why I thus speak to you," is the answer of the sage, as he fixes on his pupil "his penetrating and impassive eyes." It is, perhaps, with a similar gaze that Mr. D. Merejkowski contemplates those who endeavour to extract a meaning from his writings.

On the whole, indeed, one can only wonder why a former Fellow of an Oxford College should introduce such a work as this to the British public. Its crude realism and affected learning may attract many who like to read of an Empress wearing "an *omophorium* covered with sapphires and heart-shaped rubies," or a "sub-deacon" giving a circus-girl some rare stuff to make "a long *tarantidion*," of which, in fact, presuming that it is an article of clothing, she was sorely in need. There are, too, amiable persons who imagine that a jumble of philosophical phrases with Latin and Scripture quotations must be something at once virtuous and profound. But the sensible reader will lay down this book with a sigh of relief, and turn to the immortal chapters in which Gibbon has described the same epoch. The taste of that great writer is not always true, but his judgment is acute, his learning genuine, and his sense sound. The Julian he depicts is an intelligent and intelligible being; the Julian of this strange volume is a mere madman, nor, even though it contained more wit and wisdom than it does, is it credible that either history, philosophy, or religion can derive any real good from being associated with garish descriptions of scenes which are sometimes vulgar and occasionally vicious.

T. E. PAGE.



MR. GRAHAM BALFOUR,
Cousin of Robert Louis Stevenson, and author of the authorised Biography to be published this month.
From a Painting by Leslie Brooke.

NOVEL NOTES.

FOREST FOLK. By James Prior. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Here is a novel that stands out from its neighbours. Careful and elaborate in its workmanship, with the plot worked out in a painstaking fashion, it is nevertheless fresh and vigorous as if the writer had never lingered an hour too long over it. A story of the Luddite times and of Sherwood Forest, there is adventure in it, and there is that interest which inevitably arises from the close contact of natures bred in the great world with those that have grown and brooded in solitude. The inhabitants of the two neighbouring farmhouses, so strangely unlike, so strangely drawn together, supply this interest. Nell Rideout and her brother Tant, faulty, wild, neglected, yet heroic creatures, are memorably placed before us, but the smoother figures of the sophisticated Skrene and his sister draw our eyes too. The narrative part, with the story of the attack, the trial, and its consequences, is excellent reading; and though the interest of character predominates, nevertheless, as human nature is studied mainly from its emotional side, the main interest is romantic rather than psychological. And we can hardly recommend a book better to the majority of readers than by saying so.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND HIS FAVOURITE HORSE "JACK."

"I do not say my Jack is anything extraordinary; he is only an island horse; and the profane might call him a Punch; and his face is like a donkey's; and natives have ridden him, and he has no mouth in consequence, and occasionally shies. But his merits are equally surprising; and I don't think I should ever have known Jack's merits if I had not been riding up of late on mouthless rights."—"Vailima Letters."

Reproduced from "The Vailima Letters," by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.

HERB OF GRACE. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)

"'Nature intended me for an artist or a poet,' Malcolm would say, for he was given at times to a hard, merciless introspection . . . 'but circumstances have called me to the bar.'" So the hero strikes awe and pity into us at once. We have our wavering moments when the writer indiscreetly, on p. 42, flashes a light on his artistic tastes; but are overcome once more when we hear him defying the trammels of wigs and codes and courts in an outburst like this, "I am going to write a book . . . I mean to take the world by storm—to say my say—for once. It will not be a novel. . . . It will be autobiographical, expansive, and deep as human nature itself, and I shall call it 'The Record of an Impotent Genius.'" You foresee a tragedy, of course, but it doesn't come off. Mal-

MR. STEVENSON PLAYING HIS FLAGEOLET.

colm's career is as smug as you could desire. When we leave him his name is quite used to appearing in columns of the *Times* and the *Morning Post*. Don't let anyone run away with the idea that "Herb of Grace" is a novel of Bohemian life. It is chock full of domesticity. The naughtiest moment of its hero's career is alluded to when his bath is mentioned and his biographer confesses—"his tub he called it mentally."

THE MILLION. By Dorothea Gerard. 6s. (Methuen.)

We feel that here we have not so much a novel as the vivid illustration of a thesis. Madame de Longgarde, looking on the growing materialism of the world, writes a warning. She holds with many others, rightly or wrongly, that an education which has no regard to the unseen things, tends to dam up the natural channels of emotion; but that Nature will have its way, and its way in such circumstances is by dangerous flood that may work havoc in human lives. It is not fair to tell all the story here. We only suggest it in saying that we see the last of the beautiful daughter of the materialistic lawyer, who has slaved to make a great place in the world for her, within the walls of a convent, where she is absorbed in what she had been taught all her youth to despise. There is special pleading in the book; but in writing a strong warning, Madame de Longgarde has not failed also to tell a touching story.

THE RED CHANCELLOR. By Sir W. Magnay, Bart. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

We have a perfect feast of mediævalism—Adelphi drama style—in this nineteenth century story of a little German state which civilisation was supposed to have gathered into its borders. The Red Chancellor of Buyda and his creature Furello, were such wonders of imaginative resource that if seven and fifty persons offended them, you might count on the employment of seven and fifty different means of putting the offenders out of the way. They were lavish in their invention, Count Furello especially loving to heap up melodramatic circumstance in his vengeance—surely only to please himself, since the victim's pleasure was not aimed at, and no audience was sought. The whole story makes an entertaining string of horrors. We never believe in them for a moment, yet our bosoms swell with pride that the hero—who manages to pluck a victim or two out of the Chancellor's furnace—is an Englishman.

A JILT'S JOURNAL. By Rita. 6s. (Unwin.)

The moral we draw from reading "Rita's" latest story is that it is better for young women not to dabble with pen and ink. The heroine, Paula, got more than ink-stained fingers in the process. A flattering school friend suggested the occupation to her, which made her watch a very ordinary mind till morbidity set in. Her mother before her had been given to scribbling—it is significant that she came to a bad end—and had set down in black and white a picture of her own disagreeable heart and soul. How much the picture suggested to the daughter to follow in her path, and how far it served as a warning, is difficult to determine. But in the end the flighty young woman, who has been a little puffed up about herself as seen in her own pen and ink drawing, grows humble, flees the high world—or a very vulgar corner of it where she might have shone—and marries a high-minded yeoman. She'd have done it in the beginning, if it hadn't been for the journal. For the benefit of readers like ourselves, who have failed to appreciate the full pungency of the wit in the book, an accompanying advertisement quotes the "good things." This is one of them: "As a rule a man falls in love with a particular woman just because she is the one person in the world he has no business to love." The other advertised "good things" are quite equal to this.

THE TEMPTRESS. By William Le Queux. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

It may be difficult, undoubtedly, to draw an evil person well; it is by no means difficult to draw a good person badly. Mr. Le Queux, in common with many a brother-author, has been decidedly more successful with his sinister characters than with those of virtuous intentions and meritorious acts. The "Temptress," in particular, is to a great extent realisable, and she is always exciting. She makes the book, as she made life, breezy, full of incident and of unexpected turns; and in spite of her falseness, her depravity and her callousness, it is easy to understand that the hero would succumb to her charms rather than to those of Dolly, who strove to be his good angel and only succeeded in being dull. Dolly is not real. The "Temptress" may not be real, but she justifies a pretence of credulity on our part, and, with the aid of her accomplices, hurries the story on at a brisk rate. The career of this Valérie Dedieu, which would show up darkly even in the Newgate Calendar, is calculated to hold attention and defy sleep.

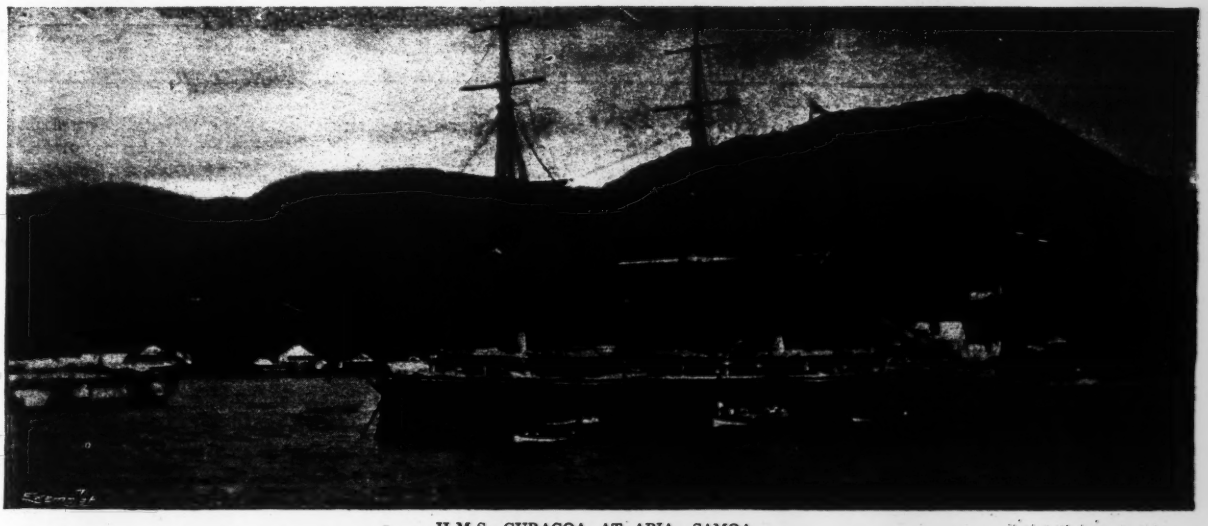
THE WISE MAN OF STERNCROSS. By the Lady Augusta Noel. 6s. (Murray.)

The man who is labelled "wise" plays no dominant part in this rather muddled story, made up of several improbable incidents and peopled by characters concerning the reality of whom too much talk leaves us unconvinced. Perhaps it may pass muster with young readers, for there is a great deal of story in it; there are a great many people; and the sentiment is inexhaustible. But the more critical must base their appreciation solely on the weak, amiable, chattering Mrs. Morland, with her miserable little water-colours and her tricked motherhood. She alone rises above the level of the third-rate.

THE HERETIC. By R. L. Lees. 6s. (Long.)

There is so much earnestness of purpose in Mr. Lees' book that we hesitate to criticise it harshly. The substance is excellent, but it is the right thing in the wrong place. This account of how a man of to-day tried to found a real Christian brotherhood would make ten good pamphlets and thirty good tracts, which the world would be much the better for reading. If Mr. Lees says that the matter finds legitimate place in a novel, the answer is he has not proved it so—for his novel is absolutely unreadable. Even a reviewer used to hard struggling with tough matter is beaten before the end. But we are sure we could read it with interest in a tract, if the very heavy fiction were extracted from it.

XUM



H.M.S. CURACOA AT APIA, SAMOA.

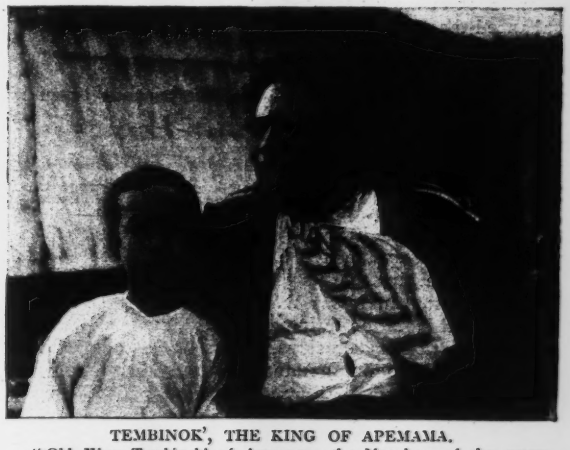
The *Curaçoa*, with H.M.S. *Falke* and H.M.S. *Bussard*, took part in the bombardment of the rebels of Atua.

"We have in port the model warship of Great Britain. She is called the *Curaçoa* . . . a ship that I would guarantee to go anywhere it was possible for men to go, and accomplish anything it was permitted man to attempt."—"The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson."

MATAAFA, THE "REBEL" KING,

Who was defeated and imprisoned in August, 1893, upon the outbreak of war in the Island.

"Mataafa is the nearest thing to a hero in my history, and really a fine fellow; plenty sense, and the most dignified, quiet, gentle manners."—"The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson."



TEMBINOK', THE KING OF APEMAMA.

"Old King Tembinok' of Apemama, the Napoleon of the group, poet, tyrant, altogether a man of mark."—"The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson."

"'I got power,' is his favourite word; it interlards his conversation."—"In the South Seas."

Mr. Lloyd Mrs. Thomas
Mrs. Stevenson. Osbourne. Stevenson.
R. L. S.

Austin Mr. Graham
Strong. Balfour.

KAVA DRINKING AT THE OPENING OF THE ROAD MADE BY THE SAMOANS FOR MR. STEVENSON, OCTOBER, 1894.

A PAGE OF SAMOAN PICTURES.

From Photographs kindly supplied by Mr. Graham Balfour.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE TWO FIRST CENTURIES OF FLORENTINE HISTORY. By Professor Pasquale Villari. Translated by Linda Villari. 7s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

The early history of the Italian Communes, and of Florence in particular, has hitherto been more or less of a sealed book to English students. Professor Villari's learned and careful treatise will be found to supply a distinct want. It is largely based on new documents, and forms an important contribution to history and political science. It is much to be regretted that some competent and painstaking scholar has not performed a like service in investigating the constitutional and economic history of some of the other Italian Communes, notably that of Amalfi, which at present is lamentably obscure. To English readers the chapter on the wool guild, and the guild of money-changers, will be the most interesting, owing to the prominent part played by Florentine merchants and bankers in the history of English commerce during the Middle Ages. The illustrations are good. There is also an excellent *index nominum*, but we regret to note the absence of an index to the general matter, which would have greatly enhanced the utility of the book to the student.

VARIA. By William Knight. 7s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

These are Professor Knight's lighter efforts; and it would be a grave injustice to him to treat them otherwise. They serve to introduce his point of view; make no pretence to elaborate it, or to meet all the arguments against it. Many of the papers were written as introductory lectures, and it has been his custom to deal in these with matters of practical interest and questions of the hour. The volume, therefore, addresses a larger audience than if it had been strictly philosophical. But while admitting that its popular character is quite justifiable, we must frankly say that some of the papers are not worth publishing. To little addresses, that served their purpose on particular occasions, reflecting average educated opinion, and containing nothing profound enough to frighten or original enough to provoke controversy, it is unkind to give the dignity and prominence of large type in a volume which has for its sub-title "Studies in Problems of Philosophy and Ethics." Even in the weightier papers there are no problems seriously tackled. As might be expected, on the question of Science versus Poetry, Professor Knight takes the side of Poetry, on grounds that most scientific men will admit to be sound. The essay in which he discusses the matter is reasonable, lucid, and fair—but save as an introduction of the question to very young students, at the beginning of their thinking, it seems an unnecessary restatement of what practically everyone admits even in this materialistic age. Where Professor Knight does throw down a challenge is in his essay on "Our Present Philosophical Outlook." A passage like the following is interesting not only as a gage thrust into the midst of the Positivists, but as the expression of the attitude of a distinguished teacher, who has been one of the most consistent adherents of idealism through the many changes and chances in the world of thought during the last thirty years: "The continuance of metaphysical philosophy, and the perdurance of theology, are to me as certain as the return of morning after evening, or of summer after winter; and they will to the very end of time retain their ancient rank, their place of imperial supremacy, in the forefront of all the sections of human knowledge."

JOSEPHINE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH. By Frederick A. Ober. 7s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

This is an interesting and very readable biography of the unfortunate consort of the great Napoleon. Mr. Ober would, however, have done well to omit the first chapter, as in it are concentrated all the literary blemishes which disfigure an otherwise excellent piece of work, an abuse of metaphor and a straining after effect such as we have rarely seen before in a work of this kind. We do not agree with the author that the life of Josephine is of any particular value from the point of view of history. From the day she married Napoleon his story is hers, and her personality becomes completely merged in his. Had she been to Napoleon what Mary was to William of Orange, the case might have been different, but she never really appreciated or loved him till it was too late. Still, her life was so unhappy, and its close so full of pathos, that its record cannot fail to move and interest the reader. Mr. Ober has the great advantage of knowing his ground well, and has illustrated his book with a charming series of photographs of the beautiful island of Martinique.

FROM CYPRUS TO ZANZIBAR, BY THE EGYPTIAN DELTA. By Edward Vizetelly. 16s. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.)

The title of this work is somewhat misleading, as it savours more of a book of travel than of the personal reminiscences of a war correspondent who has had a singularly roving and adventurous career. Mr. Vizetelly has spent half of his life in getting into tight places, and the remainder in getting out of them again. The narrative commences with the author's experiences in Cyprus during the period immediately following its occupation by Great Britain, when he discharged the duties of a civil servant in return for a munificent salary of sixpence per diem. We would recommend anyone who still doubts the folly of Lord Beaconsfield in annexing the island to read what Mr. Vizetelly (the most ardent of Imperialists) has to say on this subject. Finding that Cyprus offered no scope for his talents, the author migrated to Egypt, where he remained all through the Arabist rising and the Anglo-Egyptian War. After the British entered Cairo he became first a correspondent, and then the editor and proprietor of a newspaper; but as his journalistic enterprise involved him in a false imprisonment for libel, and proved otherwise unremunerative, he accepted an offer from Mr. Gordon Bennett to go to the East Coast of Africa to meet Stanley on his return from the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. The book is of considerable historical value, as the author was in the thick of all the intrigues which preceded and followed the British occupation of Egypt. It will also interest the general reader, as Mr. Vizetelly is careful to sandwich his facts and statistics between a variety of amusing anecdotes and personal reminiscences. Some of the matter is rather irrelevant. There is, for instance, a lengthy disquisition on the prices of pale ale and lager beer in Cyprus during the year 1882.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

OCTOBER, 1901.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the

Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

MOLOKAI, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, THE TERRIBLE LEPER SETTLEMENT,

Which Robert Louis Stevenson visited in May, 1889, a visit which resulted in his famous "Letter to Dr. Hyde" in defence of Father Damien.

"The place as regards scenery is grand, gloomy and bleak. Mighty mountain walls descending sheer along the whole face of the island into a sea unusually deep; the front of the mountain ivied and furred with clinging forest, one viridescent cliff: about half-way from east to west, the low, bare, stony promontory edged in between the cliff and the ocean; the two little towns (Kalawao and Kalaupapa) seated on either side of it, as bare almost as bathing machines upon a beach; and the population—gorgons and chimaeras dire."—"The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson."

From a Photograph kindly supplied by Mr. Graham Balfour.

The New Books of the Month.

AUGUST 15TH TO SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1901.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BIGG, REV. CHARLES, D.D.—A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Epistles of St. Peter and St. Jude, 10/6 *T. & T. Clark*

BLAMIRES, REV. W. L.—Studies and Speculations in Natural Theology, 3/6 ..... *Partridge*

[Written with independence of thought and fearlessness. "Defence of Primary Religious Truths," "Constructive Argument for Design," "Miracles, and their Evidential Value," are the main themes. The volume merits attention, and will receive, we think, criticism.]

BRAMSTON, M.—The Sunrise of Revelation, 5/- net ..... *Murray*

Century Bible, The.—The Pastoral Epistles ... *T. C. & E. C. Jack*

[This new volume of the Century Bible is edited, with a full, informing, and descriptive Introduction, by Dr. R. F. Horton.]

Expository Times, The. Edited by James Hastings, M.A., D.D. Vol. XII. 7/6 ..... *T. & T. Clark*

[Maintains its position for ability and distinction. A study of the mere Table of Contents will convince that the *Times* keeps well abreast of important changes, events, and literature.]

FENTON, FERRAR.—The Five Books of Moses, 2/6 net ... *Partridge*

[This is the first volume of the Bible in modern English, translated direct from the original. An interesting experiment by a writer who welcomes criticism and suggestion.]

FIELDING, H.—The Hearts of Men, 10/6 net ... *Hurst & Blackett*

[A book "not of one religion nor of several religions, but of religion"; and it is by the author of "The Soul of a People," who has already proved that he knows how to think. It deals with Christianity and with Buddhism, but also with "religion" in almost every, if not every, aspect of the word. It is a book replete with strong thought and uncompromising reasoning.]

JACKSON, REV. HENRY LATIMER, M.A.—On the Path of Progress, 2/6 ..... *Elliot Stock*

[The contents of this slim volume were first given in the form of sermons to stir a congregation to the recognition of the need of a forward movement in the National Church. The congregation was stirred far beyond expectation. The volume, the same in substance, is now given to stir a larger circle. The words are sometimes very plain and very strong. That was intended.]

Letters of St. Paul, The. Translated by Arthur S. Way, M.A. 5/- net ..... *Macmillan*

[The Letters "to Seven Churches and Three Friends" are so translated that they are placed, in a clear continuity of thought, direct before the reader. The instructive Preface should by no means be passed over.]

LORD, ALFRED DIXON.—What is Truth? 1/- ..... *Watts & Co.*

[The compiler asks pertinent questions, and answers them by the words of Catholic and Protestant writers in turn. The lesson taught is that differences of opinion are unavoidable; the end desired is that love and charity should be encouraged and exercised.]

MENZIES, ALLAN, M.A., D.D.—The Earliest Gospel. A Historical Study of the Gospel According to Mark. 8/6 net ... *Macmillan*

ROBERTSON, REV. WILLIAM, M.A.—Studies in the Acts of the Apostles, 6d. net ..... *A. & C. Black*

[Invaluable for Bible classes or for home teaching. The writer has elucidated the Book of Acts in a manner which is dignified, interesting, and free from all sign of superficiality.]

Song of Songs, The. Selections from the Sermons of S. Bernard. Notes and Introduction by Bruce Blaxland, M.A. 2/- *Methuen*

[Mr. Blaxland's Introduction gives a thoughtful and sympathetic little biography of the saint. His selections are from the sermons on the Canticles, of which he gives also a critical and explanatory account.]

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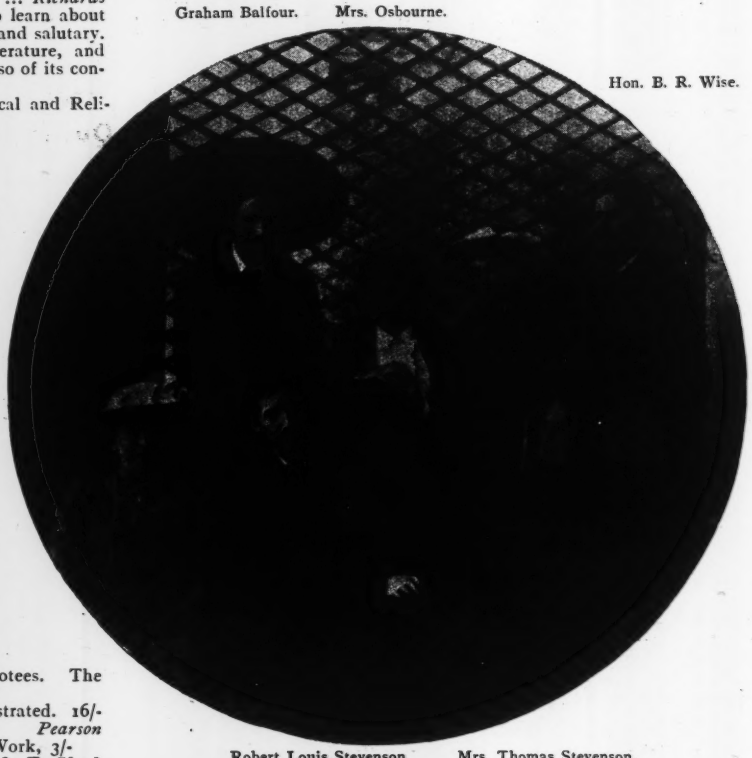

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